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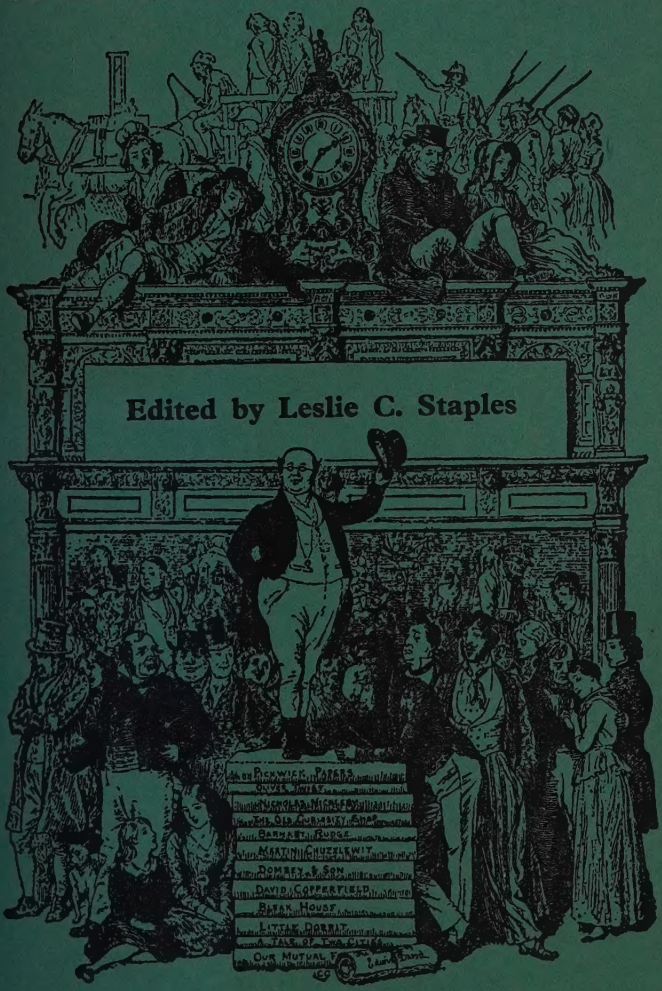

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THE DICKENSIAN

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Introducing

THE FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

THE DICKENSIAN, now in its 52nd year of publication, continues to commend itself to a wide public, both inside and outside The Dickens Fellowship, and in most parts of the English-speaking world. But its relatively small circulation renders its production costs unduly high, and it does not pay its way. It would undoubtedly do so if every member of the Fellowship were to support it. Efforts to that end have been strenuously made for many years, but with little success, and it would be futile to hope for more in the future. It is beyond question that the present price of the magazine is the highest that can be commanded in the United Kingdom. What, then, can be done to ensure continuity of publication? It is unthinkable that, in view of its past and present usefulness, the future should not be ensured. That can only be done by those who now value and support it, many of whom are of the opinion that it is worth more than the price asked. It is to those to whom this appeal is directed.

At the Annual Conference, held last month at Eastbourne, which will be reported in our next number, there was inaugurated a scheme to be called THE FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*. Members of the Fellowship and readers of the magazine throughout the world, are cordially invited to become Friends, by subscribing annually, in addition to their subscription, a sum of their own choosing. No sum is too small, but the reader is asked to remember the great difficulties of present day publication, and to be generous.

The Dickens Fellowship manages to pay its way, and the Dickens House is now far more financially sound than it has ever been, thanks to the completed Walter Dexter Memorial Fund. Will you not join the Friends of *The Dickensian*, and cancel the large annual debt that it incurs? This debt is now to rise sharply owing to the new wage scale for printing operatives recently agreed upon. Will you kindly address your first annual subscription to the Dickens House now?

THE EDITOR.

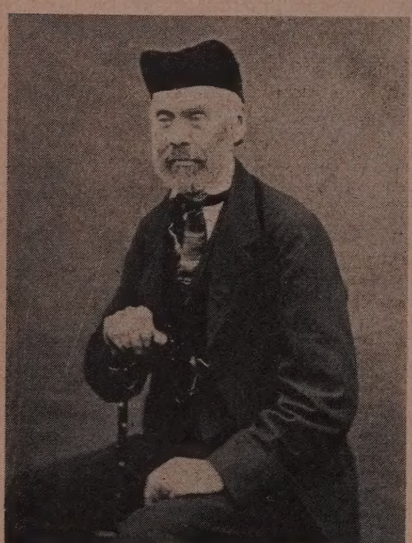
"This is a monument if you like: the continued prosperity of this periodical is a finer testimony to the glory and honour of its subject than any bronze or marble could be."

E. V. LUCAS.

DICKENS AND CHORLEY

By GERALD G. GRUBB,
(Wake Forest College, N.C.)

IT is surprising that so little has been written about the long and rich friendship that existed between Dickens and Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872); yet it was one of the most intimate and rewarding friendships of the novelist's later years; in fact, so close and informal that Mamie Dickens could write in retrospect, "Mr. Chorley used to come constantly to Gad's Hill, used to invite himself, and was always welcome."[1]



H. F. CHORLEY

Dickens House Collection

What manner of man was Chorley that he could come and go so freely in the house of Dickens during the crowded years of the residence at Gad's Hill? An examination of the records shows an amazing similarity between the two men in many respects, a supplementary strain in their natures, and a corrective element in each which was needed by the other.

Chorley was born at Blackley Hurst, near Billings, Lancashire, on December 15th, 1808. His father died when the boy was young, and the m her moved her family of two boys and two girls to Liverpool where they were largely supported while the children were young by a generous half-uncle, Dr. John Rutter. Under Dr. Rutter's sponsorship in 1819 the boys of the Chorley family were placed in the school of the Royal Institution, where they were taught almost nothing but Greek and Latin, which was an odd tuition for young persons supposedly destined to a life of commerce. Under his mother's untrained tutelage, Henry early in life developed a fondness for music. Fortunately, there was a music shop located on Henry's route to and from school where the shop-keeper's daughter, a trained musician, often played the piano for the boy. There his life's

1 "Chorley at Gad's Hill," *Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planche, and Young*, edited by Richard Henry Stoddard, Bric-a-Brac Series (New York: Scribner, Armstrong and Company, 1874), p. 69.

ambition to become a musician was formed, an ambition which was destined to feed the springs of both his joys and his sorrows for as long as he lived. He never quite forgave his family for failing to provide for him a musical education.

When Henry Chorley was ten years old he was taken out of the school in which he had been taught nothing practical and put to work in the office of Messrs. Cropper, Benson & Co., an American mercantile house operating a branch office in Liverpool. Because of his dislike of his employment, he was soon transferred to a position in a Sicilian wine house. It was at this point that a still more distant relative than Dr. Rutter, a Mrs. Rathbone, and later her son Benson Rathbone, aided Chorley in gleaning further education, self-administered, in literature and music. The wine house did not hold his interest for long. Soon he began trying his hand at writing sketches of life and manners in Liverpool, lyrics, dramas, and musical criticisms. This juvenilia appeared in such annuals as the *Sacred Offering* and *Winter Wreath*, to which his mother, brother, and two sisters were also contributors.

In 1830, when Chorley was twenty-two, he went to London and was taken by Archdeacon Wrangham to the house of Basil Montagu where he made a lasting and favourable impression. Not long thereafter, he overheard his brother and a friend discussing the excellence of the musical criticism of the German humorist Hoffman. Having no knowledge of the German language, he asked the friend to translate for him two chapters of the *Phantasienstücke*, which aroused his enthusiasm and opened a path before him upon which he walked to the end of his life.

In the meantime, Chorley had met and aroused the interest of Maria Jewsbury, a contributor to *The Athenaeum*, who mentioned him to Charles Wentworth Dilke as one who might be useful in a minor capacity on the staff of *The Athenaeum*. In September, Dilke asked him to write an account of the ceremonies which were to inaugurate the new railway from Manchester to Liverpool. Chorley complied, but indicated that he would be more adept in writing light articles, verse, or musical criticism. He forwarded to *The Athenaeum* several lyrics and musical criticisms which Dilke liked well enough to publish. Then in September, 1833, Chorley applied for a position on Dilke's regular staff and was accepted for a trial term of six months with a stipend of £50. He was required to live in the neighbourhood of Dilke's residence and to render him aid at any time and in any capacity his services should be required. He accepted, went to live in London, and remained with *The Athenaeum* until his retirement near the end of his life.

However, Chorley soon proved himself more than a drudge, began writing keen reviews of books and music, and established himself for his honesty, independence, and courage. It was said that many persons subscribed to the journal for the sake of Chorley's reviews. He made a wide circle of friends among the literary figures of his generation and contributed also to other journals, including *The British Foreign Review*, *The New Monthly Review*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *The People's Journal*, *Jerrold's Magazine*, and others.

In addition to writing a vast amount of good criticisms, including reviews of several of Dickens's stories to which we will return presently, Chorley found time to compose and publish an impressive list of books: *Sketches of a Seaport Town* (1831), *Conti the Discarded, with Other Tales and Fancies in Music* (1835), *Memorials of the Life of Mrs. Hemans* (1836), *The Authors of England* (1838), *The Lion, a Tale of the Coteries* (1839), *Music and Manners in France and Northern Germany* (1841), *Pomfret, or Public Opinion and Private Judgment* (1845), *Old Love and New Fortune*, a drama (1850), *The Lovelock*, a drama (1854), *The Duchess Eleanor*, a drama (1854), *Modern German Music* (1854), *Fair Gold for Young and Old* (1857), *Roccabella* (1859), *Thirty Years of Musical Recollections* (1862), and *The Prodigy, a Tale of Music* (1866).[1]

When the first acquaintance between Dickens and Chorley began is unknown, although Chorley's appreciation of the novelist found expression as early as the publication of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mamie Dickens tells us that their first intimacy came about in 1854, when the two were working together to obtain pensions for two literary friends.[2] Mamie Dickens and Sir Henry Fielding Dickens agree on the great popularity of Chorley at Gad's Hill, where he was a guest at the marriage of Katie to Charles Allston Collins in 1860.[3] Sir Henry lists him among the most prominent visitors, and, when speaking of his own editorship of *The Gad's Hill Gazette*, says, "The issue was greatly enlivened one week when H. F. Chorley . . . in conspiracy with my father, wrote a highly indignant letter of complaint about something or other, to which my father in the next issue replied in suitably venomous language.[4]

Chorley took a prominent part in the entertainments which were devised and improvised at Gad's Hill from time to time. In No. 15 of *The Gad's Hill Gazette* there is an account of Chorley's performing in *The Rival Volunteers*, staged by Henry Fielding and Edward Bulwer-Lytton Dickens, in the Theatre Royal Club Room. "C. Dickens, Esq., as an aged gentleman, and H. F. Chorley, Esq., as a Turk, were intensely comic, and between all the scenes the laughter (caused by these gentlemen) was incessant."[5] Another bit of entertainment left its impression on the memories of both Mamie and Sir Henry. "On one occasion," says he, "I remember we had a country dance and Mr. Chorley was introduced as a broken-down itinerant musician who was supposed to have been taken in as a tramp from the high-road. Chorley went through his part magnificantly and my father played up to him in a manner which kept us all in a roar."[6] Mamie adds that Chorley had practised music suitable for the different scenes to be acted in pantomime, and that "a great many of the audience did not know him at first. He had made a

[1] My sources of information were Richard Garnett, "Henry Fothergill Chorley," *Dictionary of National Biography*, IV, 273-274 J. W. T. Ley, *The Dickens Circle: A Narrative of the Novelist's Friendships* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1919, pp. 331-333 and the nearest thing to a biography, that curious compilation by Henry G. Hewlett entitled *Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoirs, and Letters* (London, 1873).

[2] Ley, *the Dickens Circle*, pp. 332-333.

[3] Forster, Book VIII, ch. VI.

[4] *The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C.* (London: William Heinemann, 1934), pp. 23 and 28.

[5] Ley, *op. cit.*, p. 333.

[6] *Recollections of Sir H. Dickens*, p. 44.

secret about his dressing-up, and had done it all by himself; and I met him on the stairs and didn't know him ! "[1]

Chorley shared many of the outside games and picnics with the Dickens family, and upon one such occasion his performance impressed both Mamie and her father. At the end of a day of picnicking, when it was expected that Chorley would climb into the basket or into the carriage and drive home, he decided rather to walk the distance with Dickens. So surprised was Dickens that he wrote Wills in a state of exclamation: " C.H.O.R.L.E.Y. was here before starting for Spain, and walked—with me at my pace—two and twenty miles, without appearing in the least the worse for it. At which I stood amazed, and have ever since remained in that attitude."[2]

During Dickens's frequent absences from home on his Reading Tours both in England and in America, Chorley was an habitual visitor and always welcome guest at Gad's Hill. Dickens's letters to Mamie and to Georgina Hogarth are full of references to Chorley. From America, in 1867, and in 1868, he sent messages to his friend. At Christmas-time he wrote Mamie, " My best love to your aunt . . . and to Katie, and to both Charleys, and all the Christmas circle, and not forgetting Chorley, to whom give my special remembrances."[3] To Georgina he said, " I took it for granted that Mary would have asked Chorley for Christmas Day, and am glad she ultimately did so."[4] In the midst of his strenuous life in America, he had time to appreciate and respond to a word from his friend, saying in a letter to Mamie, " I had a few affectionate words from Chorley dated from my room, on Christmas morning, and will write him, probably by this mail, a brief acknowledgment."[5]

Back in England the next year, Dickens found Christmas incomplete without the presence of Chorley; for on Christmas Day, 1868, he wrote to Lady Molesworth, another frequent visitor at Gad's Hill, " I am sorry to add that poor Chorley is not here. He writes from Paris that he lies in bed . . . He seems cheerful, but he must be really disabled for the time or he would indubitably be here, as he always is at Christmas."[6]

As the years passed there was no lessening of love between the two friends. Chorley's increasing ill-health distressed Dickens. It is hard to determine to what extent Chorley was aware of the actual state of Dickens's health during their last years together. Perhaps, no one but his physicians realised that he was walking so close to the edge. He would not acknowledge the facts even to himself, and he was just the person who would minister to a friend's scratches while he covered up his own mortal wounds. He wrote to Mrs. Frederick Lehman, " I saw Chorley yesterday in his rooms. A sad and solitary sight."[7] He was especially anxious that Chorley should be seated at one of the last, if not the very

[1] " Chorley at Gad's Hill," p. 69.
[2] *The Nonesuch Letters of Charles Dickens*, *The Nonesuch Dickens*, 3 vols., edited by Walter Dexter (Bloomsbury: The Nonesuch Press, 1938), III (August 31st, 1861), 233 and Mamie Dickens, *op. cit.*, p. 69.
[3] *Nonesuch Letters*, III (December 11th, 1867), 581.
[4] *Ibid.*, III (January 3rd, 1868), 595.
[5] *Ibid.*, III (January 13th, 1868), 602.
[6] *Ibid.*, III (December 25th, 1868), 691.
[7] *Ibid.*, III (February 3rd, 1869), 703.

last, public dinner held in his honour, and asked the secretary in charge of arrangements, Clarke Aspinall, to reserve just four tickets, one of them being in the name of " . . . Mr. Chorley, a distinguished musical critic and writer . . ."[1]

Chorley was a desperately lonely man without wife or close relatives, and he seems to have loved very dearly those who were kind to him. As expressions of that love, he planned two graceful acts toward the Dickens family, one of which was finally brought to a successful conclusion. Sometime prior to Dickens's last trip to America, Chorley had placed a codicil to his will leaving a legacy of £200 per year for life to Mamie Dickens. For a little while this seems to have disturbed her, and may have been responsible for her seeming reluctance to invite him to Gad's Hill for Christmas during her father's absence, especially since he seems to have mentioned it to her either by word or by letter. She eventually took the matter up with her father by correspondence; for Dickens wrote her a reassuring letter from Philadelphia, saying: " It appears to me that Chorley writes you on the legacy question because he wishes you to understand that there is no danger of his changing his mind, and at bottom I descry an honest desire to pledge himself as strongly as possible. You may receive it in that better spirit, or I am much mistaken."[2] Chorley honoured Mamie as his gracious hostess at Gad's Hill, with other small gifts. On one occasion, Dickens, when thinking of her birthday, remembered one of Chorley's gifts, and wrote her, " I saw a pretty fan here. I was going to buy it as a remembrance of the occasion, when I was checked by a dim misgiving that you had a fan not long ago from Chorley."[3] It had also been Chorley's plan to leave Dickens a bequest of £50 for the purchase of a memorial ring; but, alas, the host of Gad's Hill preceded his guest to the grave by almost two years!

Thus far, we have spoken only of the personal relations of Dickens and Chorley. What about their literary relations? Time and space forbid a summation of Chorley's reviews in *The Athenaem* of *Martin Chuzzlewit, A Christmas Carol, David Copperfield, Bleak House,* and *Our Mutual Friend.* About his review of the last-named book, J. W. T. Ley says that Dickens wrote Chorley, " I have seen *The Athenaeum* and most heartily and earnestly thank you,—Trust me there is nothing I could wish away, and all that I read there affects me and delights me."[4]

Chorley wrote a few papers for *All the Year Round.* Once Dickens preferred one of his papers to one of Morley's, because of like papers which had appeared in *The Times* on the latter's topic; so, he wrote Wills, " I think I have a better paper—a musical one—of Chorley's. I will see to it the first thing on Monday and will see Morley."[5] Just one week later he returned to the Chorley paper, saying, " I've gone through the No. carefully, and have been down upon Chorley's paper in particular, which was 'a little bit' too personal. It is all right now, and good, and them's

[1] *Nonesuch Letters,* III (March 9th, 1867), 711.
[2] *Ibid.,* III (January 31st, 1868), 612 Ley, *op. cit.,* p. 332.
[3] *Ibid.,* III (March 5th, 1869), 709.
[4] Ley, *op. cit.,* p. 333.
[5] *Nonesuch Letters,* III (October 1st, 1864), 399.

my sentiments too of the Music of the Future." In this manner Dickens opened the way for the publication of Chorley's "Old, New, and No Music. In Two Chapters. Chapters I. A German Festival." "... Chapter II. An English Festival."[1] Unfortunately, we cannot be certain about the authorship of the papers in *All the Year Round*, having no guide comparable to "The *Household Words* Contributors' Book; but one cannot look upon the large number of papers in that journal on musical subjects without being tempted to assign most of them on the basis of style and content to Chorley.

It was upon reading Chorley's *Roccabella* (1859) that Dickens wrote a very detailed criticism in the form of a letter to his friend, the first part of which deals with the romance and the development of character, and the second part, with Dickens's disagreement with Chorley's interpretation of the characters of historical Italian patriots. He wrote:

> I can most honestly assure you I think *Roccabella* a very remarkable book indeed. Apart—quite apart—from my interest in you, I am certain that if I had taken it up under any ordinary circumstances as a book of which I knew nothing whatever, I should not—could not—have relinguished it until I had read it through. I had turned but a few pages, and come to the shadow on the bright sofa at the foot of the bed, when I knew myself to be in the hands of an artist. That rare and delightful recognition I never lost for a moment until I closed the second volume.

Dickens continued to tell how completely the writer had concealed the clues to the meaning of his story until it suited his purpose to reveal them. The characters stood out in Dickens's memory like living people, and he knew nothing "better than the scene of Roccabella's death."[2] However, as mentioned above, Dickens did not agree with Chorley as to his treatment of the character of historical Italians. Having lived in Italy, Dickens undertook to make Chorley appreciate the tyranny under which Italians had lived so long both politically and spiritually. It was because Dickens thought Chorley a good writer, who would influence many people, that he remonstrated with him about the mistreatment of the Italians. He closed his long letter with a second assurance that *Roccabella* is a great book.

Chorley's novels were as a group unsuccessful, although they were much better written and much fuller of the real meat of human life and thought than many another that caught on well with the trade. In fact, it is possible that their freight of serious thought caused their lack of popularity. At any rate, by 1865, it would have been hard for Chorley unassisted to have found a publisher for his last novel. There is an unpublished letter from Dickens to Frederick Chapman extant in the Whittaker Collection of the library of the University of North Carolina, which shows that Dickens gave his friend just the boost which brought him that publisher. Although that letter touches briefly upon another

[1] *Nonesuch Letters*, III (January 8th, 1864, 399.
[2] *Ibid.*, III (February 3rd, 1860), 148-150.

matter, since it is unpublished elsewhere, the full text appears below:

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday Night, Twenty Eighth Janʸ, 1865.

My dear Sir

Those Noˢ of *Our Mutual Friend* which I had you to send to my boy in India, have never reached him. Will you now try the luck of two copies of the 1st Volume? I repeat his address on the other side.

I have at the office, the MS of a novel by Mr. Chorley. I have been for some time considering it, with a view to its publication in *All the Year Round*. At length I have come to the conclusion that the story so turns itself as that it could hardly be held in hand by some readers, if it were published in small serial portions. But it is so far beyond my expectations in respect to merit and variety, and it has such remarkable and new pictures of student and professional life in Germany—as well as here—that I can very strongly recommend it to you as well worth your consideration. It has an excellent name (The Prodigy, or the Adventures of a Prodigy), and is full of character and incident. My doubt of it as a serial does *not* apply to it as a book. If on my warranty, you would like to see it, I will tell Mr. Chorley that I have taken it on myself to submit it to your firm.

I shall be at the office tomorrow afternoon and Tuesday afternoon; then, away for a week's run.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS[1]

Fredᵏ Chapman Esquire

One cannot help being delighted that Chapman and Hall published Chorley's manuscript in 1866, under the title *A Prodigy. A Tale of Music*, "by the author of Modern Music, Roccabella, &c., &c.," in three volumes.

The remarkable friendship of Dickens and Chorley continued, without the estrangements and eleventh-hour reconciliations which marked so many of the novelist's other great friendships, until it was dissolved by death. On June 5th, 1870, Dickens wrote Chorley about the latter's proposal to purchase for Gad's Hill an old picture of Ranelagh Gardens, saying: "Believe me, I shall be charmed to have the picture, if you succeed in your negociations for it. Apart from its own interest (and you know beforehand how the subject attracts me), it will be priceless to me as a token of your regard. I will find a place for it somehow and somewhere, and am already parading the house with a two-foot rule measuring in all directions."[2] This letter, with its invitation to come to inspect the latest improvements at Gad's Hill, reached Chorley on June 7th; on June 9th, Chorley learned that Dickens was desperately ill;

[1] I am indebted to Mr. William A. Whitaker of New York City, to the authorities of the Library of the University of North Carolina, and to Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E., legal head of the Dickens family, for permission to publish this letter. Incidentally, the address of Dickens's son mentioned in the first paragraph was: "Francis Jeffrey Dickens Esqre., Kishnaghur, Kuddea, Bengal."

[2] *Nonesuch Letters*, III, 782-783.

and June 10th brought the dreadful news of his friend's death. Chorley's biographer, Henry G. Hewlett, called upon him shortly afterwards, and wrote some years later, "Chorley's mental prostration . . . was painful to witness."[1] To another friend and benefactor, Benson Rathbone, Chorley wrote at the time:

> God bless you for your kindness. For the hour I am best alone . . . I had a letter from poor Mary [Dickens]. If universal sympathy of the warmest kind in every form could soften the agony of such a trial they will have it in overflowing measure, but it will not give back one of the noblest and most gifted men I have ever known, whose regard for me was one of the honours which make amends for much failure and disappointment. I cannot express to any human being the void this will make for me to my dying day.[2]

Chorley himself died on February 16th, 1872, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Not long after Chorley's death, Mamie Dickens wrote:

> After my father's death, and before we left the dear old home, Mr. Chorley wrote me and asked me if I would send him a branch off each of our large cedar trees in remembrance of the place. My friend, and *his* dear friend Mrs. Lehman, saw him lying calm and peaceful in his coffin with a large green branch on each side of him. She did not understand what this meant, but I did, and was much touched, as, of course, he had given orders that these branches should be laid with him in his coffin. So a piece of the place he loved so well for its dear master's sake went down to the grave with him.[3]

Hewlett said of the association of Dickens and Chorley:

> There was probably no other man of letters, with the exception of Forster, to whom his [Dickens's] confidence was as entirely given. Amid many differences of mental and moral constitution there was one salient feature in common. In Dickens the quality of *punctuality*, as Chorley used to describe it, was manifest in the minutest particulars. He himself was less scrupulously methodical; but in all essential points his thorough trustworthiness was equally prominent . . . Though both the friends were probably self-conscious of possessing this characteristic, it seems to have been to each the object of special admiration in the other. Both recognised in one another the presence of generous candor.[4]

Hewlett goes on to say of the Dickens-Chorley friendship that on no occasion did Dickens fail to respond to his friend's needs, in sympathy under grief, consolation under affliction, counsel in the settlement of a dispute, or advice as to the adaptation of his voice to a lecture-room.[5] During their last years, when both were

[1] Ley, *op. cit.*, p. 331.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 331.
[3] Mamie Dickens, *op. cit.*, p. 70.
[4] Ley, *op. cit.*, p. 332.
[5] *Nonesuch Letters*, III (March 1st, 1862), 287, Dickens said, among other things, "If you could be a very little louder, and would never let a sentence go for a thousandth part of an instant until the last word is out, you would find the audience more responsive."

weighed down with bodily suffering and frequent ill-health, " . . . the clear healthy sense of Dickens was felt by him as a tower of strength; and it was doubtless a remembrance of the influence extended at such times that dictated the language of a grateful bequest to his friend as one by whom he had been 'greatly helped.' "[1]

By way of conclusion, the serious student of Dickens and Chorley cannot be satisfied with Hewlett's conclusions wherein he suggests that the mutual characteristic of *punctuality* was the cement which bound the hearts of the two friends to each other. All that Hewlett says is true, but he sees only the surface manifestations of that friendship. What can be said of the fundamental causes of it? Surely, just the habits of *punctuality*, in themselves a result of the sense of responsibility, not a cause, could not have been the prime mover in their mutual admiration and long-continued friendship. Bigger and deeper elements of character must be examined. Three such elements present themselves for analysis.

First, both men were victims of what we shall call, for want of a better term, *infantophobia*, or the fear of returning to the conditions which prevailed during an unsatisfactory childhood. One is surprised by the number of parallels between the childhood and youth of the two friends. Each was the son of a well-meaning but improvident father, and lived under the shadow of poverty which interrupted his education; each was placed in uncongenial labour which was imposed by a mother who had almost no understanding of the sensitivities and mental qualities of her son; each resented the indifference of relatives who failed to provide for him adequate cultural opportunities which would have fitted him for his rightful position in life; each found his vocation almost by accident and educated himself in the skills necessary to success therein; and each rose with astonishing rapidity to the summit of his profession and stayed there through a long and crowded career. Undoubtedly these considerations would insure a bond of sympathy between them; for, being self-made men, each saw the reflection of himself in the other.

Second, Dickens and Chorley were supplementary one to the other. Dickens possessed to a prodigal degree the creative faculty which Chorley, as a critic of music and literature, admired above all other human attributes; but which Chorley as a writer of romance lacked. Again and again, he tried his hand and brain at creation, he made his clay sparrows like life, to the very feather, but they could not be induced to live and breathe; so, he admired Dickens who could shape his sparrows with nervous haste in grotesque forms, sometimes almost unrecognisable, and then with the magic of genius breathe into them the breath of life and watch them soar into the realm of immortality. On the other hand, Dickens was always an uncertain critic, one who could not, in general, distinguish the merely good from the great in the writings of his fellow-novelists, and whose great success as a magazine editor was the result of his sound methods, policies, and uncanny ability to produce or select the timely article, not upon

[1] Ley, *op. cit.*, p. 332.

his ability as a critic of longer works. In this one respect he was rather limited, but in Chorley he found and admired the critical faculty which he lacked. Even biologically, they were supplementary. Dickens was the virile family man, the sire of a houseful of children, and the hero of a houseful of doting women; while Chorley the bachelor lived from place to place in rented lodgings, almost untouched by feminine influence. So, when loneliness overcame him, he found comfort in the house and society of his friend, and his friend's children. Dickens, on the other hand, often sought the quietude and rest in the womanless, childless society of Chorley.

Third and last, Dickens and Chorley found in each other corrective elements of character which were sorely needed each to each. Dickens possessed a broad streak of extrovertism which led him into certain vulgar habits of dress, needless self-assertions, ostentatiousness, quarrels with those about him who possessed like characteristics, exaggerations, and ceaseless activity; while Chorley was an introvert, too mild-mannered for his own good, too subdued in color to stand out, or to care to stand out in a crowd, and too retiring to become the center of an admiring circle of his own, too prone to brood, too ready to accept himself at the estimate of an overbearing employer; given to fits of depression, self-torture, and to habitual " poor " health; and eternally fearful of change. So, when the minds of Dickens and Chorley met, they neutralised each other like the mixture of equal parts of acid and alkali, and found a tranquility which was beneficial to both.

WILLIAM COBBETT ON DICKENS

By F. A. Postlethwaite

" WHAT is this ! " I hear you exclaim: " Cobbett—William Cobbett ! Surely this cannot be *the* William Cobbett, that man who defied ' poor bawling Pitt ' and his whole gang of sinecurists; the author of *Rural Rides* and a hundred other famous writings; surely not the man whose character and instruction we have admired for so many years, whether as Tory or Whig, royalist or republican, all of which he was in turn ? " But stay, gentle reader, it is no other; and it is precisely because I passed peacefully away in the year 1835, a trifle too early to write about Dickens in my own lifetime, that I am writing about him now. And ask yourself whether it is unfair to expect of William Cobbett that which you on no account expect from other and perhaps almost equally famous people. You do not expect to hear what Shakespeare, what Dryden, what Swift and Pope think about Dickens; you do not expect it and you do not get it. But Cobbett—William Cobbett—is different; he was always the exception. And that is why he joins, *post obitum*, with everybody else who is anybody in saying a few words about Dickens.

It was my lot, as it was the lot of Dickens, to live by literary talent; but I had no " imaginary wants "; I had not been bred

up in company with the rich and extravagant; expensive indulgences had not been made necessary to me by habit. Like Dickens I had to choose between a bit of bacon, a scrag of mutton and a lodging at ten shillings a week on the one side, and made-dishes, wine, a fine house and a footman on the other side; but, unlike Dickens, I did not choose the latter. Unlike Dickens, again, I was not ashamed of my early experiences; I did not hide the fact that as a boy, a comical little rustic figure, I weeded the Royal Gardens at Kew. I, in after-life, would not have shed tears because I had had to paste labels on bottles of blacking in a factory. I was not ashamed but proud of the fact that I was once an attorney's slave in an attorney's dungeon compared with which that establishment in Bevis Marks was a paradise; and I laughed heartily as I wrote those words which you will all remember:

> Gracious heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room; but save me from the desk of an attorney!

I laughed because I was not doomed to be wretched, and not even the recollection of an apparently ungracious Fortune in my earliest years was able to make me pull a long face; and in that, too, I differed from Dickens. But when all is said and done the important thing is that each of us, Dickens and I, was happy, and even exceptionally happy, in his own way. We were not academic or theoretical philosophers, so many of whom (though not half enough!) perish in disgrace or torment; but we were philosophers in real life.

Ah! those made-dishes, that wine, fine house and footman, how fatally injurious they are to men of talent! Dickens suffered doubly from these, for not only did he incur the disadvantage of owning, controlling and paying for all these things but the craving of others for them seriously interfered with, nay, ruined his first love affair, his first opportunity to find real matrimonial happiness with someone who was not being eternally "coss"; ruined his chance to marry Dora; and not, mark you, the Dora of *David Copperfield*, who was just as imaginary a figure as the Flora of *Little Dorrit*; not this Dora, but the real person, with all Dora's charms but considerably more than Dora's butterfly habits of thought. We know what happened to Dickens's married life; it is common knowledge and must be so; there is no impertinence in deploring a result that was deplored more than anyone by Dickens himself. But just think how it would have been but for this fear of the banker's daughter, or, rather, of her parents, of her being thought poor, of her doing without the carriage, the servants, the wine, the spirits, the decanters, the glasses, all the table apparatus, the dress, the horses, the dinners, the parties (all of which except the horses *I* always did without); how would it have been if Maria Beadnell and her parents had resolved to put all these things aside, at any rate for the moment, and cheerfully faced the prospect of the bit of bacon, scrag of mutton and

lodging at ten shillings a week ? Well, I can answer that question, for I married my first love and never regretted my choice. But dismiss, I beg you, all thought of Miss Beadnell being that feather-brained charmer, the Dora of *David Copperfield*. That she had all Dora's charms we know from Dickens's own emphatic assurances, but it was no mere coquette or girl of mean intelligence who wrote in the famous scrap album the candid admission:

> Happy a man may pass his life
> If freed from matrimonial chains
> . . . . . .
> For in the sex you'll see appear
> Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
> Truth, darling, of a heart sincere,
> In women never can reside.

Such candour on the one side, such love on the other, could not have had any but the happiest results if it had not been for the fatal barrier imposed by the carriage, the servants, the wine (oh ! that accursed wine !), the etc., etc. And Flora ? it will be objected; what about Flora ? What about that person of interminable sentences and vague aspirations ? On the subject of Flora, I would say: " Don't believe it; don't believe even Dickens; there never was ' no sich a person ' ; she was as much the invention of Dickens's feminine entourage as Mrs. Harris was of Mrs. Gamp." I am not saying that Mrs. Winter was as good, as happy and as able a woman as she would have been if she had become Mrs. Dickens. But the girl who could write those lines about the possibility of hypocrisy, deceit and pride was (as our friends the Americans say) " no poker face," was putting her cards on the table. And personally I must say that the concluding lines of the little poem from which I have quoted might well have come from my own dear bride; I mean:

> Who no regard to women pay
> Keep reason always in their sight.

For every wife knows there is *one* exception to that rule.

As you know, Dickens and I both went to America twice, each time for one reason, though mine was vastly different to his. He went twice as a famous author, to be fêted and praised. I went twice as a fugitive from so-called British justice. I had, as he had at times, a mixed reception; but I could say, as I did say, to an American who fell foul of some of my remarks about America, that I had as many friends in America as he, that American, however extensive his connexions or exalted his rank; nay, I hoped I had more and better friends in America than any man in the world. And so Dickens could have said of himself, and I do not know of anyone who could have said it with more truth.

As a writer, Dickens had, in my opinion, one great and besetting fault; he was too fond of writing for writing's sake. (Again, the fatal carriages, servants and wine, etc., etc.) He was not always aware of this. His " Child's History of England "—for me an almost unreadable book, so much did it incense me—is a case in point. He said he was writing this infantile account of history

for his children, but he was careful to publish it in his weekly magazine; and the fact is that, not knowing what true history was, not knowing at all (though he might have learnt it from me) that in the reign of King Edward the Third a common labourer earned threepence-halfpenny a day and a fat goose was sold for twopence-halfpenny; not knowing that a fat sheep was sold at the same time for one shilling and twopence, and a gallon of red wine for fourpence; not knowing what coin of the realm was, in those days, offered for a pint of skimmed milk; not knowing all this and much beside, he thought it was worth while to amuse himself by writing a history to instruct his children. In the result, and being completely unaware of the true origin of the poor rates, he made the serious mistake of writing of the " mighty merit " of the Reformation, that organised pillage of the needy; and about this I feel rather sore, because my History of the Reformation was amply available to Dickens, its sale at one time being second only to that of the Bible. It is very proper that the glories and crimes of history should be recorded and exposed, but most improper to confuse legends and hearsay with real history, however correctly the moral is drawn. Real history is to be found in an Act of the 23rd year of Edward the Third, and another Act passed in the 24th year of Henry the Eighth, both of which I have read. Whether or not Dickens succeeded in instructing his children is perhaps a matter of opinion, but it is clear that he wrote his history because he thought it was fun to do so, in short, " for writing's sake."

I myself never wrote for writing's sake, but always with some great object in view. Yet when I look back I see that whatever happened to the great object one certain thing remains: I was amused and I am amusing; and this I am sure was and ever will be the case with Charles Dickens.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The first Annual Birthday Celebration of the Southern Californian Branches of the Dickens Fellowship was held at the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel, Pasadena, on February 18th. Sponsoring the " festival " are the following branches, Sierra Madre, Mrs. Helen T. Tarr, President; Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Galloway; and Hollywood, represented by Caroline Converse. Mr. W. W. Galloway was Master of Ceremonies.

The toast of " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens " was proposed by Mr. Maurice Miller, of the British Consulate in Los Angeles.

Musical items were contributed by Cathy June Franco, Cornelia Ackerman and Vincent De Honestis. Mr. J. W. Pherman recited from Dickens and Olive Kackley spoke on " Two Great Humanitarians of England ". The celebration concluded with the showing of pictures of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, contributed by Carrie Jackson Davidson. C.C.

IMMORTAL MEMORY

Speech by Mr. D. L. Murray at the Dickens Fellowship Dinner in celebration of the 144th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The President, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, in the Chair. Café Royal, February 7th, 1956.

I greatly appreciate the honour that has been done to a relatively new recruit to the Fellowship in asking me to propose the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," concerning which, the first thing to be said, surely, is that it *is* immortal, and not merely because we Dickensians insist that it is so; but of itself, by general consent, that memory remains immortal. Consider the vast crowds who, within the last few years, have assembled to hear our Vice-President, Mr. Emlyn Williams, give his readings from Dickens's works. You know, not even the greatest actor can save a bad play, and our Vice-President could not have attracted those crowds, unless they wished to hear Dickens and were glad to spend an evening with Dickens. So, like some great mountain, his memory stands above the fusillade of criticism and all the efforts of those hideous people, hideously entitled the "debunkers."

The last fifty years have been a graveyard of Victorian reputations, though I think there has been a great deal of premature burial and our gods will rise again. But regarding the tragedy of Charles Dickens's private life, I don't think they dare to do, as they have done with other eminent Victorians, maintain that all that great outpouring of the creative faculty we have in his books was simply relief or compensation for the trying demands of his interior life. No; the cause really would not be adequate for the effect. Therefore, these gentry have taken their rakes elsewhere, and tacitly admit that Dickens, if in their view he is not a good writer, is at any rate a great one. They are inclined, I understand, to admit a little more. Mr. Gordon Stowell, in that recent delightful address that he gave our Fellowship, told us that he found the youngest readers of Dickens, whatever criticisms were passed by them, were coming to see that he was a master of psycho-analysis before the word had been invented. I myself, rather precociously thought the same thing before these teenagers. I always realised that Dickens's preoccupation with those personages we used to call villains, but now call "cases," and his curiosity about all manner of queer characters, was the interest of a profoundly intuitive psycho-analyst. Inferiority complex—Dickens did not know the word, but he understood the thing, understood it in the mind of a Bradley Headstone, in the self-tormenting malice of a Miss Wade, in the inverted snobbery of a Josiah Bounderby. He showed how Hitlers are made out of fussy little men in the person of Simon Tappertit. Dickens knew all the complexes, though when he dealt with them, they lost a great deal of their complexity and became crystal clear. So, in that, if nothing else, he is a very modern novelist.

But is it not the mark of every supreme literary genius, the real guarantee of immortality, that he is, at once, a man of his

own age and a man of all ages? Bernard Shaw once declared that all he wrote was journalism, realising that the writer who does not enter into his own age is not likely to be able to enter into any other. Let there be no doubt that Dickens was the man of his own age. Let us have done with the legend, fostered, I believe, by his choice of fantastic illustrators, like Cruikshank, Hablôt Browne and Dickie Doyle, that Dickens's novels are a fairyland inhabited by hilarious sprites and goblins and impossible ogres! Every fresh document that is published proves that the world of Dickens's novels is the world of Dickens's own life, especially that world of the Regency in which he grew up and to which he ever looked back from the more sedate Victorian age in which he passed his maturity. I remember Willson Disher some years ago publishing the American letters of Mrs. Sam Cowell, the wife of the famous Victorian comedian. They brought before us again all the America of Martin Chuzzlewit; there it was—always had been. Dickens had not invented it; he had seen it.

That world of the Regency still lingers on into the first Victorian decade, with its liberty and licence; a world of undoubted extravagance in speech and dress—we all remember the wonderful costume in which the young Disraeli first addressed the House of Commons amid shrieks of laughter—a world of quick emotion, giving vent to its feelings without shame or restraint; an age of flamboyant individualism, comparable with the age of Queen Elizabeth I. In short, it was the world of the Dickens novels, with all its clamour and its eccentricities. Dickens may have been something of a caricaturist, sharpening outlines and angles; he was no mere photographer; but he did paint a portrait of his age—a portrait of it as it essentially was—and he painted it with such power because he loved it with its shadows as well as its lights. He loved the very evils he sets out so gallantly to cure, the crime, the squalor and the decay. He loved Bumble, loved Squeers, loved Pecksniff, loved Quilp, loved them for being such wonderful villains. It has been said of him as a social reformer that he was "equally ready to denounce on the ground of humanity all those who left things alone and on the ground of liberty all those who tried to make them better." He did detest the reformers of his day—those Utilitarians: (the word sounds very like Totalitarians) who found their only test of usefulness in machinery, and were bent on making the Englishmen of Dickens's time into cogs of a great industrial machine. No, it was not for that sort of drabness that he would be willing to give up the England he knew—a merry England, an England abounding in good fellowship and enjoyment and conviviality, an England, above all, of energy and enterprise. Dickens was no Imperialist, but the sea and ships were always on the rim of his horizon. The Port of London is prominent in his books—characters always going forth on adventures and returning; and though he does not follow them oversea, it is part of what he admires in their character.

Not for any improvements or development schemes would he have willingly surrendered the landscape of England as he knew it—the England through which we ride on his coaches, an England

of cornfields and woods, with cottage, village church and cathedral smiling in the sun or dreaming in the moonshine, in which the noble mansion, even is tolerated as an improving feature of the landscape. At no price would he surrender the winding roads with their travelling showmen and patient waggoners, or the quaint little houses, Peggotty's boat house, or Wemmick's Castle at Walworth, expressing the genius of a fanciful people.

And when we thus regard Dickens as the voice of his own time, it is borne in upon us, again and again, that he is also the voice of *our* time, denouncing the ills that afflict us and prescribing the medicine that we need. If Utilitarians, as such, no longer exist, the voice of the Controller and Committee is heard every day crying aloud, like Mr. Tite Barnacle, " Give him plenty of forms to fill in ! " If we see no remedy for these troubles, we can at least take from Dickens the consolation of laughing at them. Moreover, amid much that is discouraging to-day, one of the encouraging signs is this—our age is learning, after late Victorian indifference, once more to value the things that Dickens prized. We at least have the grace to take upon ourselves the duty of preventing Chesney Wold from falling into decay, of saving what we can of the peace and natural beauties of our land. Moreover, though I hope we do not any longer sneer at industrialism (remembering that what helped our fighting men to win two great World Wars was simply Coketown with its factory fires) we have retraced many nineteenth century false steps and decided that our countryside shall be neither a wilderness nor an endless expanse of smoke, but the home of flourishing agriculture.

The things that Charles Dickens stood for are the great indestructibles. This has been expressed in a brilliant essay by a foreign critic, half American, half Spanish, George Santayana. " There is nothing essential to it [the world of Dickens] that the most destructive revolution would be able to destroy . . . The springs of kindness would not be dried up," nor, even under Communism or any other totalitarianism, would there be wanting the " occasional sparkle " of a Pickwick, a Cheeryble or a Sam Weller. Perhaps this critic, writing forty years ago, hardly foresaw the full bestiality of the modern tyrant's technique of grinding human personalities into powder. But we can say this, the spiritual world of Dickens will endure so long as the character of the English remains what it has been. Dickens showed them to us as they lived in what was, in many ways, a harsh and uncomfortable period of transition after the great war against Napoleon, showed them "taking it " as they are still doing amid the trials and disappointments of our own day—the same people, humorous and energetic, resolved to be independent and follow their fancies, strenuous and Spartan in their sports and games, impossible to regiment or enslave, a people who make great fighting men, but are reluctant to be welded into a military machine, passionate haters of cruelty, and unable to see a bully without wanting to knock his head off—as Nicholas Nickleby did Squeers's.

It will be a long while before all that is changed; and so long as this remains the English character, so long will the world of

Dickens, with all its joy and all its jollity, be there. We need not be afraid: over the portals of this enchanted, but most real, realm is written, as G. K. Chesterton said: "Abandon hopelessness, all ye who enter here!"

So, speaking not only for our Fellowship, but for all that wider Freemasonry of Dickensians all over the globe, I invite you to drink with me to The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

The Toast of "The Chairman and our Guests" was proposed by Mr. W. A. Macgregor, Chairman of the Executive Committee and the Council. The President replied. A musical programme was given by Miss Marion Clifton, accompanied by Mrs. Morgan Davies. Mr. John Greaves, Hon. Secretary, gave selections from Dickens in the absence, through indisposition, of the Rev. George A. Parkinson.

THE DICKENS ROOM

AT THE PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Our frontispiece shows the Dickens Room at the famous hotel, the Parker House, Boston, Mass. It was in the earlier building, now demolished, that Dickens stayed during his second visit to America in 1868. When the new hotel was built in 1927 many features of Dickens's sittingroom were incorporated in a new room, now so well known. In our photograph there may be seen the dining table at which Dickens and his friends sat after the famous "Walking Match," the mirror, seen on the extreme left, before which Dickens rehearsed his public readings, and the marble fireplace before which Dickens sat with Dolby. Over the mantelpiece can be seen the only copy known to survive of the famous bust of Dickens, made during the novelist's first visit to Boston in 1842, by Henry Dexter. For a full account of this noble portrait see the late Edward F. Payne's article in *The Dickensian*, 1934, p. 23.

The walls of the room have been furnished with many interesting Dickensian pictures by the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, which has held many notable meetings in the room. Among the more recent of these was the lunch given in honour of the Editor of *The Dickensian*, in November, 1954.

A NEW DRAMATIC VERSION OF *EDWIN DROOD*

In March, the Birmingham Dickens Players presented *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, adapted by the President, Mr. Victor Simons. In this production Helena, as Datchery, visits the opium den and bribes Princess Puffer to question Jasper about Edwin, whilst he is drugged. Subsequently, Edwin's body, with Jasper's scarf tied tightly round the neck, is found by Durdles, in Mrs. Sapsea's tomb. Finally Jasper confesses his guilt in a very dramatic and moving closing speech. This Dramatic Group, under the direction of Mr. Simons, is giving valuable publicity to the Fellowship in Birmingham by their annual productions and also by programmes of Dramatic Readings which it frequently gives to various organisations in the city. K.D.V.

"KEEP *HOUSEHOLD WORDS* IMAGINATIVE!"

By P. A. W. Collins

KEEP *HOUSEHOLD WORDS* IMAGINATIVE! is the solemn and continual Conductorial Injunction.
(*Dickens to W. H. Wills, November 21st*, 1853).

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, as the founder of *Answers*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror*, was something of an authority on popular journalism; and he considered Dickens the greatest magazine editor of his own or any other age. In his rare moments of leisure, we are told, Northcliffe liked to re-read Dickens, because "Dickens held the clue to the hopes and fears of mankind in the mass, men, women and children alike."[1] *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* were immensely successful journals, the product not only of Dickens's early journalistic experience but also of his craving for a frequent and regular contact with his huge audience—a craving which encouraged him to publish his novels serially, and which later led to the famous Public Readings; no novelist was ever less withdrawn from his public. Above all, of course, the journals flourished because—as Northcliffe recognised—Dickens had a wonderful understanding of the mass-mind, and a genuine sympathy for it: for although he was not, and did not consider himself, socially "of the People," culturally and intellectually he was at one with them. He was always warning his colleagues and contributors against writing down to, or patronising, "the People," but he felt no temptation to do so himself, for he wrote without effort dead-level with popular taste. He never suffered the trials of a later Victorian novelist, Henry James, making useless concessions to a taste not his own, and ending one dismal attempt at journalism because, as he explained to his impatient editor, his contributions were already "the worst I could do for the money."

Household Words—and my references to this journal apply also to its successor *All the Year Round*—is, then, an interesting example of popular journalism in the pre-Northcliffe period, as well as being an important manifestation of Dickens's mind and character. Dickens, as is well known, conducted his journals with great care and energy, taking a very active part in suggesting subjects and authors, and in advising these authors and editing their work, as well as contributing stories and articles himself fairly frequently;[2] the resulting publication bore very clearly the impress of his personality. "Every paper," he had explained to Mrs. Gaskell when asking her to contribute, "will be published without any signature, and all will seem to express the general mind and purpose of the journal . . ."[3] To another possible contributor, the Rev. James White, he described this "general mind

[1] A. B. Maurice, "Dickens as an Editor," *Bookman*, XXX, 1906, 111, quoted Edgar Johnson, *Charles Dickens: his Tragedy and Triumph*, 1953, II, 717. Tom Clarke, *Northcliffe in History*, 1950, 26.

[2] See essays by Gerald G. Grubb in *Studies in Philology*, XL, 1943, 79-100, and *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, LVIII, 1943, 1110-1124.

[3] January 31st, 1850. *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by Walter Dexter, 1938, II, 202.

and purpose" thus: "we hope to do some solid good, and we mean to be as cheery and pleasant as we can."[1] This crude description of the social and literary policies of *Household Words* was amplified in the "Preliminary Word" which Dickens contributed to the first issue. Here he undertook—among other things—to "tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast," and to "show to all, that in familiar things, even in those which are repellent on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out." A similar statement of aim occurs in the concluding number of *Household Words* (May 28th, 1859), in Dickens's announcement of its successor:

> That fusion of the graces of imagination with the realities of life, which is vital to the welfare of any community, and for which I have striven from week to week as honestly as I could during the last nine years, will continue to be striven for "all the year round."

It is my purpose, in this essay, to discuss the importance of "Fancy" in Dickens's conception and conduct of his periodicals.

"Fancy" is an ubiquitous and protean term in Dickens, and it recurs frequently in his correspondence about *Household Words*, particularly (of course) in his letters to W. H. Wills, his assistant editor. Wills was a loyal, sensible and industrious colleague, but lacked the easy fanciful touch which Dickens desired: "Wills is a capital fellow for his work," he wrote to Peter Cunningham, "but decidedly of the Nutmeg-Grater, or Fancy-Bread-Rasper-School."[2] This sometimes exasperated Dickens, but Wills's commonplace quality was a useful supplement and ballast to his master's more mercurial gifts. Dickens appreciated his value in this respect: "Wills has no genius, and is, in literary matters, sufficiently commonplace to represent a very large proportion of our readers,"[3] and therefore his approval of a highly-imaginative story just submitted was a good omen. But often Dickens became impatient with what he considered Wills's unimaginative editing—though Wills, after one such outburst, sensibly replied that brilliantly "fanciful" writers were not easy to find and that nevertheless, "It is universally acknowledged that subjects of an uninviting nature are treated—as a rule—in *Household Words* in a more playful, ingenious and readable manner than has been hitherto presented in other weekly periodicals . . ."[4] Dickens, however, continued to insist on the necessity of Fancy, and to instruct his contributors on how to attain it. Thus, a simple change of tense here and there in one article would "make it more fanciful"; as he explained, "the use of the past tense instead of the present a little hurts the picturesque effect. I understand each phase of the thing to be *always a thing before the mind's eye* . . . Whatever is done, must be *doing*."[5] On another occasion he wrote sharply to Wills:

> I have been looking over the back Numbers. Wherever they fail, it is in wanting elegance of fancy. They lapse into a dreary,

[1] February 5th, 1850, *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ii, 204.
[2] May 12th, 1850, *ibid.*, ii, 216.
[3] May 15th, 1861, *ibid.*, iii, 220.
[4] R. C. Lehmann, *Charles Dickens as Editor*, 1912, p. 74.
[5] July 27th, 1851, *Letters*, ii, 332, 334.

arithmetical Cocker-cum-Walkingame dustyness that is powerfully depressing.[1]

Two years later, poor Wills was receiving the same criticism and the same " solemn and continual Conductorial Injunction ":

> . . . the No. is an awfully and solemnly heavy one—and . . . must really be lightened. I read it last night, and had a Nightmare . . . " The Stereoscope " is dreadfully literal. Some fancy must be got into the No. . . . I should have thought the greater part of it written by McCullock, edited by Rintoul . . .
> P.S. Brighten it, brighten it, brighten it![2]

The " dreadfully literal," the " dreary, arithmetical," was the bane of Dickens's life; it was the result of observation unquickened by a sense of human interest, by delight, or by feeling. One is reminded of Coleridge's desolation when, losing his " shaping spirit of Imagination," he saw the Universe as merely " an immense heap of *little* things "; and of Wordsworth's dread of " the repetition wearisome of sense Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place," and when the eye views " all objects unremittingly In disconnection dead and spiritless." Dickens queried or rejected many contributions on these grounds. " I am exceedingly doubtful about Edmund's paper on the Crystal Palace. It is so mechanically done . . . Unless that sort of article has some fancy and literary merit, I am against it."[3] Sometimes he was driven to a strange expedient to avoid the deluge of indigestible facts. " Let John Hollingshead do it," he would say to Wills in later years: " he's the most ignorant man on the staff, but he'll cram up the facts, and won't give us an encyclopaedical article."[4] And the same insistence of fancy occurs, of course, in his discussions of the fiction as in those about the descriptive articles offered to the journals. Thus, a story about the Napoleonic Wars was rejected,

> . . . although I observe some passages in it which express a lively fancy (as in the little description of the raindrops falling into the puddles) . . . There is no individuality in M. Noel, no quaint touch of observation or imagination to single him out from the rest who have been doing literary duty these forty years . . .[5]

This remark about the characterisation of M. Noel illustrates some of the strengths and weaknesses of Dickens's demand for Fancy. On the weak side, the phrase " quaint touch " reminds one of a criticism frequently made of Dickens—a limitation Mr. John Holloway has recently described when discussing Dickens's treatment of men at work. An occupation interests Dickens, Holloway remarks, " not for its distinctive niche in the scheme of

[1] October 16th, 1851, *Letters*, ii, 352. Edward Cocker (1631-1675) and Francis Walkingame (*fl.* 1751-1785) were authors of arithmetic text-books used for many generations. Cocker was proverbial as a symbol of hard and sober fact; *e.g.*, Carlyle, *Past and Present*, 1843, III, i: " Rhetoric all this? No . . . Fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer." One of the titles mooted for *Hard Times* was "According to Cocker."

[2] August 5th, 1853, *ibid.*, ii, 481. James Ramsay McCulloch (1789-1864) was a Scots statistician and political economist. Robert Stephen Rintoul (1787-1858), another Scots political journalist, was the first editor of *The Spectator*.

[3] February 12th, 1865, *ibid.*, iii, 414.

[4] Hesketh Pearson, *Dickens, his Character, Comedy and Career*, 1949, p. 181.

[5] January 18th, 1859, *Letters*, iii, 88.

things, but for what it has of odd or picturesque or *macabre*."[1] On the credit side, one would (of course) adduce the vitality and substantial truth which inform Dickens's observation of the odd and picturesque, and his healthy contempt for vapid conventionalities in the arts: witness, for instance, his frequent and lively ridicule of Artists' Models,[2] and his attack on the English paintings at the 1855 Paris Exposition:

> There is a horrid respectability about most of the best of them—a little, finite, systematic routine in them . . . mere form and conventionalities usurp, in English art, as in English government and social relations, the place of living force and truth.[3]

Dickens, as novelist and as journalist and editor, was at his best when a concern for " living force and truth " was not overlaid by a desire for " quaint touches." But certainly, as an editor, he would have no truck with inaccuracy (though accuracy, of course, is not quite truth): his contributors and assistants were sternly warned against any such carelessness, which would discredit the journal. A Harold Skimpole, who was " all imagination . . . not regulated," would not have been a welcome contributor; whereas a Wordsworth, who combined (as Coleridge put it) " a fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty of modifying, the objects observed," represented in theory the journal's ideal.

——But only in theory: Wordsworth would have been a little on the dull side for *Household Words*, though Dickens himself admired his poems.[4] " Fancy " could often mean, in *Household Words* discussions, merely the lower attributes of what we now describe as a " journalistic " style—what Wills, in the letter quoted above, described as a " playful, ingenious and readable manner." This was harmless enough, and one sees a good brief example of it in a letter where Dickens casts about for a title for an article:

> A Name for the Custom-House article ? Hum ! Let me see.
>
> What do you say to—
>
> A Great House of Detention.
> A Castle of Giant Despair.
> A Dull End of the Broad Arrow.
> Her Majesty's only Disagreeable Customs.
> The Great Bar in the Harbour of London.
>
> They are all pretty good.[5]

Sometimes, again, Fancy could mean sentimental fantasy, of a kind more admired by Dickens's generation than by ours: the

[1] John Holloway, *The Victorian Sage*, 1953, p. 118.

[2] " The Ghost of Art," *H.W.*, July 20th, 1850 (in *Reprinted Pieces*); "An Idea of Mine," *H.W.*, March 13th, 1858 (in *Miscellaneous Papers*, ed. Matz); letter, March 18th, 1845, in *Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts* 1841-1865, ed. Edgar Johnson, 1953, p. 66..

[3] October, 1855, *Letters*, ii, 700.

[4] Dickens—as my earlier comparison with Wordsworth and Coleridge implied—inherited the Romantic aesthetic, in which " Fancy " and " Imagination " were so important. He did not, however, habitually differentiate between the two terms, as Wordsworth and Coleridge had done. It is curious to note the ostensible similarity of aim which underlies the manifest difference between the achievements of Dickens and Wordsworth. Cf. the " Preliminary Word " to *H.W.* (quoted above) or, *e.g.*, the *Preface* to *Bleak House* (" . . . the romantic side of familiar things "), with Wordsworth's use of the Imagination, " whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect."

[5] July 17th, 1851, *Letters*, ii, 330.

1851 Christmas Number, for instance, needed "something with no detail in it, but a tender fancy that shall hit a great many people."[1] Dickens's own contributions to the journals provide, of course, the best examples of Fancy in its most vital and serious form; and it is, perhaps, sufficient here merely to remind the reader of some of these contributions. (Considerations of space prevent my analysing them—and it would be an unnecessary task for my present purposes.) *Hard Times*, a novel much concerned with the place of Fancy in education and in adult life, appeared in *Household Words*; *A Tale of Two Cities*, written (as its *Preface* says) "to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time," was published in *All the Year Round*. Dickens's shorter contributions to his journals have been reprinted in *Christmas Stories*, in *The Uncommercial Traveller* ("I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy-goods way"), in *Reprinted Pieces* and in the posthumous *Miscellaneous Papers*. At their least, Dickens's essays were effective journalism, brightly or forcefully written, as the occasion demanded. His articles on current political issues—which are not among his more enduring works, and which he did not bother to reprint—are useful examples of Fancy's being used to enliven pamphleteering; they are the literary equivalent of the political cartoon, examples of what Dickens meant when he said that he was putting one particular matter "in as sharp lights as I can kindle, in *Household Words*."[2] One would instance such articles as "A Haunted House" (*H.W.*, July 23rd, 1853), an attack on Parliament, or the series entitled "The Thousand and One Humbugs" (*H.W.*, April 21st, 1855 to May 5th, 1855), on the governmental inefficiency exposed by the Crimean War. But Dickens was not always, of course, using Fancy with such ulterior, social or political, motives: as well as his fiction, he wrote many articles of description or fantasy. *Household Words* contains a splendid defence of the free imagination, in Dickens's article, "Frauds on the Fairies" (October 1st, 1853), a protest against his friend George Cruikshank's attempt to re-write children's fairy-stories in the interests of Teetotal propaganda. "The world is too much with us, early and late," wrote Dickens, quoting—or rather mis-quoting—a favourite line from Wordsworth. "Leave this precious old escape from it, alone." Indeed, "escape" is yet another meaning which "Fancy" had for him: not only children, but also adults, he thought, should sometimes refresh themselves by a retreat into a fantasy-world.

Dickens's journalistic colleagues did not, of course, equal him in skill, and it must be admitted that sometimes their imitation of the master's style—or attempts to obey the master's commands—are rather tiresome. The Dickensian mannerisms, without something of Dickens's own fundamental seriousness, his imaginative energy, and his extraordinary accuracy of eye, come out as

[1] December 8th, 1851, *Letters*, ii, 362. Dickens contributed to this Christmas Number, "What Christmas is, as we grow older" (reprinted in *Christmas Stories*), which answers to this description. "A Child's Dream of a Star" (*H.W.*, April 6th, 1850, and in *Reprinted Pieces*) is another well-known example of this kind of writing.

[2] June 2nd, 1855, *Letters*, ii, 667. In this letter, Dickens instances "Cheap Patriotism" (*H.W.*, June 9th, 1855), an extravagant attack on the Civil Service and on Ministerial direction thereof.

facetious persiflage or sentimental over-insistence. Dickens as editor was on his guard against these dangers, and wrote some illuminating letters about contributors who offended in these ways: I quote here from two. The letter to Frank Stone about some " Notes " submitted by a lady deserves quoting in full, but I quote only a few sentences here, hoping that the reader will look up this unusually-complete statement of Dickens's literary views.

> These " Notes " are destroyed by too much smartness. It gives the appearance of perpetual effort, stabs to the heart the nature that is in them, and wearies by the manner and not by the matter . . . Airiness and good spirits are always delightful . . . but they should sympathise with many things as well as see them in a lively way . . . For the love of God don't condescend ! Don't assume the attitude of saying, " See how clever I am, and what fun everybody is ! " . . .[1]

The other letter was written in the last month of his life to Miss Constance Cross, rejecting " The River," a story she had submitted to *All the Year Round*.

> The true romance or poetry of human life or external nature is not to be found so as to awaken a response in any reasonable breast, by crying, " Lo here ! Lo there ! See where it comes ! Look where it goes. This is it ! That is it ! The other is it ! "— but in unaffectedly presenting it, with the art of seeming to leave it to present itself. The River, on the contrary, is an extremely conscious river, with a great deal to say about what it has to tell, and with very little to tell after all is said.[2]

This essay began with a reference to Northcliffe, who more than any other single man is responsible for modern English journalism; and we may close with a comparison between *Household Words* and its modern equivalents. " Brighten it, brighten it, brighten it ! " wrote Dickens to Wills: the words foreshadow the similar command, in more modern idiom, " Make it snappy ! " But *Household Words* made, in fact, fewer concessions to human laziness and desire to be easily amused than later popular journals have done: the lay-out was sober, there were no illustrations, and the style was literate. Dickens, unlike some later editors, expected his readers to make the effort to cope with sentences of more than a dozen words, paragraphs of more than two sentences, and stories and articles longer than a few hundred, or a thousand, words. Above all, he conducted his journals with a sense of responsibility which has not always been conspicuous in his successors. His campaigns on social issues were not all wholly wise—though he was right much more often than not—but at least they were genuine: Dickens did not think up " stunts." Nor did he cynically offer to the public a standard of writing which he privately despised: he had no time for the Henry Gowans of the artistic world, and (besides) he obtained for his journals a list of contributors of which his more pretentious contemporaries could have been proud. He certainly wanted his journals to have a popular appeal, but he always recognised his responsibility to

[1] June 1st, 1857, *Letters*, ii, 851-2.
[2] May 4th, 1870, *ibid.*, iii, 774.

inform and instruct his public—rightly adding " something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding " various important issues—and to improve their taste. In a late letter, he wrote:

> It is unnecessary for me to express my cordial concurrence in the principle of raising the character of the people and raising the character of their amusements; always supposing that no endeavour towards that end either patronises them, or otherwise treats them as children.[1]

A popular journal conducted in this spirit deserved the success which attended *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.

[1] January 21st, 1870, *Letters*, iii, 761.

STRUCTURE IN *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By Arnold P. Drew

IT has been a commonplace of literary criticism to state that Dickens's novels are shapeless and undisciplined. David Cecil expresses a view held by many readers of Dickens: " He [Dickens] cannot construct for one thing. His books have no organic unity; they are full of detachable episodes, characters who serve no purpose in furthering the plot."[1] There is certainly abundant evidence that more often than not Dickens did not construct, but that is not to say that he could not. *Great Expectations* has organic unity, and it is comparatively free from the detachable episodes and purposeless characters which so frequently confuse the plots and themes of Dickens's novels. Bernard Shaw called *Great Expectations* Dickens's " most compactly perfect book."[2] Shaw went on to say: " Apart from this [the happy ending] the story is the most perfect of Dickens's works. In it he does not muddle himself with the ridiculous plots that appear like vestiges of the stone age in many of his books, from *Oliver Twist* to the end. The story is built round a single and simple catastrophe: the revelation to Pip of the source of his great expectations. There is, it is true, a trace of the old plot superstition in Estella turning out to be Magwitch's daughter; but it provides a touchingly happy ending for that heroic Warmint. Who could have the heart to grudge it to him ?"[3]

The student of the art of fiction seldom turns to Dickens for examples of controlled and functional structure. Whether for reasons of method of publication, of lack of skill, or of temperament, Dickens produced no novels which might serve as models of how the novel should be built. If we are to study structure for the sake of structure, we do well to turn our attention elsewhere. But that does not mean that we should ignore the matter of structure in an examination of a Dickens novel. Sometimes, as in *Great Expectations*, an awareness of the planning of the novel contributes much to the understanding of the theme.

[1] David Cecil, *Early Victorian Novelists*, London: Pelican Books, p. 27.
[2] Bernard Shaw, " Introduction " to *Great Expectations*, The Novel Library, London: Hamish Hamilton, 1947, p. vi.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. xviii.

Since there are two main strands of plot in *Great Expectations*, it is not surprising that the pattern of the narrative is one of parallel lines. The two narratives—the Havisham plot and the Magwitch plot—are connected by a slender Pip-Estella-Jaggers thread—a thread so thin that when Dickens attempted to use it to tie the main plot lines together (in his modified conclusion) the thread snapped. His first judgment, which left the lines parallel, was unquestionably the appropriate one. An analysis of this parallelism is more than an exercise in structure; it also gives stress to the theme and depth to the meaning of Dickens's novel. The forces which motivate Miss Havisham bear a strong similarity to those which motivate Magwitch—and a significant difference.

Miss Havisham—wealthy, reared in the genteel tradition, possessing every advantage which should lead to a happy life and to a benevolent view of mankind—is jilted on her wedding day. She bows to her defeat and, nourishing her wounded emotions, attempts to halt the passing of time at the hour and minute of her greatest suffering. She shuts the light from the house; dressed in her wedding gown, she lives among the decaying relics of her moment of humiliation. She becomes a self-willed exile from society, a prisoner who has pronounced her own sentence and built her own prison. And indeed she is a criminal; she has committed a crime against her own humanity. Into this environment she brings Estella to be her daughter and her instrument of vengeance against man. (Miss Havisham cannot see that the fulfilment of one purpose will prevent the fulfilment of the other.) She will harden Estella's heart, so that Estella may break the hearts of all the men who fall in love with her and at the same time remain immune to the suffering which has distorted Miss Havisham's personality. Miss Havisham's motive becomes an obsession; at times she appears to enjoy the act of vengeance itself. She whispers in the child Pip's ear, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" and turns to Estella to say, "Break their hearts, my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!" Or when, later, Pip inquiries about Estella:

> "'Abroad,' said Miss Havisham; 'educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?'
>
> "There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say."

Sometimes Miss Havisham rationalizes this violation of a human soul by saying that she is protecting Estella against the cruelty of the world and especially against the cruelty of love. Her chief motive, however, is vengeance. Shortly before her death, Miss Havisham says to Pip, who has accused her of being unkind: "Who am I, who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?" Ironically, Miss Havisham's pupil learns her lessons all too well. Miss Havisham not only succeeds in hardening Estella's heart against men, but she also makes Estella aware of what has happened. Estella warns Pip again and again. And she tells him why she has no heart:

"For you were not brought up in that strange house from a

mere baby—I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenceless, under the mask of sympathy and pity and what not, that is soft and soothing—I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that impostor of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind for when she wakes up in the night—I did."

But Miss Havisham discovers too late that in making Estella immune to love she has also deprived her of nearly all emotion—of duty, devotion, and faith which Miss Havisham in her loneliness craves so desperately. When Miss Havisham asks for Estella's love, Estella replies:

"'Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All that I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities.'

"'Did I never give her love!' cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me."

And so Dickens carries this story to its inevitable conclusion—the creature that Miss Havisham has fashioned serves only as an instrument of further torture.

Magwitch's story follows almost point by point that of Miss Havisham. Like Miss Havisham, Magwitch is an outcast. The reasons for his exile are, to be sure, different from those which drove her into the prison of Satis House. But the effect has been the same in both instances. Like Miss Havisham, Magwitch abandons all hope of reclaiming his own life and decides to fill the void in his own experience by supervising the development of a child. Like Miss Havisham, he decides to build a character according to his own ideal. He will protect Pip against the evils of the world which robbed him of a decent life. And since material want has been the chief cause of his plight, Magwitch plans to provide Pip with all those material advantages which, Magwitch thinks, will automatically make Pip a gentleman, Magwitch states his motives—those of which he is aware—soon after he identifies himself as Pip's benefactor:

"'Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you . . . I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dung-hill dog wot you kep life in got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!'"

But his motives—like Miss Havisham's—are not so simple as he believes. In his choosing Pip as the recipient of his bounty there is also the motive of revenge—a revenge which Magwitch states only in moments of great excitement:

"'I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money *like* a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all! blast you every one, from the judge in his wig, to the colonist stirring

up the dust, I'll show you a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!' "

And there is also a desire on the part of Magwitch to establish a father-son relationship exactly parallel with Miss Havisham's desire to establish Estella as her daughter.

Magwitch does not see that the method he chooses will come close to destroying Pip, that it will create the very type of snob who is least likely to give him the love and devotion of a son. Pip's snobbery (social and moral) is underscored in the scene in which the source of his expectations is revealed to him:

" The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast."

Pip's wealth now becomes distasteful—but his motives in not wanting to accept more money from Magwitch are far from noble; it is Magwitch, not the unearned and undeserved wealth, that is distasteful. As long as Pip thought that the source of his fortunes was " respectable " according to the standards of the young gentleman, he accepted the money with no qualms. And here the parallel between Miss Havisham and Magwitch is very clearly drawn. Both Miss Havisham and Magwitch have been attempting to create characters after their own fashion and to make these characters serve their own ends. And both creations have—because of the methods and the motives of the creators—become potential agents of defeat for both creators.

True, the final effects are not alike. Magwitch is saved from an awareness of the irony of his experiment, probably because his motives, his intentions have been good. He has not been *trying* to convert Pip into a snob. Pip's character development is an unpredicted, but inevitable result of the methods which Magwitch has chosen. Miss Havisham, however, has been trying to create the sort of heartless woman that Estella becomes. And because Miss Havisham is aware of what she is doing—though apparently unaware of the consequences—she is made to suffer the irony of her creation. She is made fully conscious of the failure of her only unselfish purpose—the establishment of the mother-daughter relationship. It was therefore something more than mere sentiment which prompted Dickens to let Magwitch die unaware that Pip could never be his son as long as he was Pip's benefactor. It is only after the capture of Magwitch that Pip sees him as a human being:

" For now my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted, wounded, shackled creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously, towards me with great constancy through a series of years."

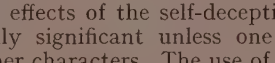
A comparison of the differences between the two plots reveals much of the significance of the meaning of *Great Expectations.* Dickens undoubtedly felt that Miss Havisham's crime was greater than Magwitch's. Her crime was motivated by wrong thinking and wrong feeling, by her conceit in making her tragedy the tragedy of all women and in transferring the faithlessness of her lover to all men. The flaw was not in men, but in her judgment of

men. And so she tried to punish all men for her own error. But Magwitch was what he was because the society into which he was born would not permit him to be anything else. And since his motives were noble, Dickens permitted him to die without realising that he had made an error. But Miss Havisham was made to suffer from an awareness of her tragic blunder—a blunder which had wrecked her own life and had distorted the personality of Estella, whom she in her own strange way had tried to love with a mother's love. And, of course, there is heavy irony in the fact that the forces which motivated the perfidy of Miss Havisham's lover came from the world to which Magwitch belonged. Likewise the forces which started Pip on his way to snobbery may be found in his first experience at Satis House. On his first visit the germ of his idea of the " gentleman " began to grow:

> " I took the opportunity of being alone in the courtyard, to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favourable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages."

Both Estella and Pip are destroyed by the strong feelings and the violence of their protectors. Estella's destruction is the more complete, probably because she is given no opportunity to save herself and—more significantly—because Miss Havisham's hatred has been deep and it has done its work well. Estella has had no vision of a Joe Gargery to remind her of another kind of human being motivated by noble and generous aims. But if Pip is not to spend the rest of his days in an unhappiness like Estella's, he is doomed to an unsettled existence. He cannot become a Joe Gargery, as he might have if Miss Havisham and Magwitch had not crossed his path. He cannot be the " gentleman " now that he is aware of the shallowness of the life which he has been pursuing. Under these circumstances the parallel lines are best left parallel. The original ending of the novel, which permits Pip to meet Estella and to learn how thoroughly Miss Havisham had educated her pupil, is therefore more appropriate than the ending which unites Estella and Pip. The union of the two products of Miss Havisham's and Magwitch's ambitions and vengeance would hardly be a compatible one.

A review of these similar plot strands of the novel indicates that Pip is not the only one who has " great expectations." Miss Havisham and Magwitch, too, are living lives of great expectations. The details are various, but the expectations of Pip, Miss Havisham, and Magwitch are alike in that they are all examples of self-deception. The effects of the self-deception of one character do not become fully significant unless one considers the self-deception of the other characters. The use of parallel structure in *Great Expectations* is something more than a convenient device for controlling several strands of narrative; the structure itself is an integral part of the theme, a theme which does not become clear apart from the structure.



ALL THE YEAR ROUND PLAYS

By Malcolm Morley

I

WHEN Dickens ended his association with *Household Words* and founded *All The Year Round*, the Extra Numbers, as they were called, continued to be issued regularly every Christmas in connection with the new publication. As before, each of the Extra Numbers was mostly a compendium of stories linked together by a main theme. Dickens, himself, furnished the setting and provided some of the stories. A number of other writers supplied the remainder.

The first of the Extra Numbers issued by *All The Year Round* appeared in 1859 with the title of *The Haunted House.* It was a collection of seven tales each related by one of the persons assembled in a building presumed to be haunted. Dickens wrote the opening of the Number and the conclusion, arranging the stage, as it were, and ringing down. He also contributed the tale of *The Ghost in Master B.'s Room.* Nothing of his material allowed of theatrical treatment and the only story in the Number to be dramatised was *The Ghost in the Garden Room* by Mrs. Gaskell. Given at the Britannia on February 6th, 1860, the adaptation, probably the work of C. H. Hazlewood, was named *The Story of a Heart; or, A Father's Love.* The worthless Benjamin who wounds his own father while attempting to rob him was played by Montague Smythson. The fond father, Nathan Huntroyd, impoverished through the demands of his unscrupulous son, allowed Joseph Reynolds to indulge in a torrential flow of pathos. What an institution the Britannia Theatre was! Reynolds joined the company there in 1851 for juvenile rôles and died in harness decades later when nature itself had cast him for old men. His must have been one of the longest engagements on record. Mrs. Edwin Yarnold found in Bessie another heroine, tender and true, to add to the large number enacted by her at " The Brit." The piece ran for four weeks sharing the bill with the pantomime of *The Spirit of Liberty* in which Sara Lane, Directress of the theatre, was seen as Harlequin.

The Extra Number for 1860, *A Message from the Sea*, was largely the collaboration of Dickens and Wilkie Collins although, as customary, some stories by others were introduced. These stories were told by various characters during a Club Night in the King Arthur's Arms where the parent narrative had come to rest for a chapter. Again the Britannia was the first London theatre to stage a version. *A Message from the Sea* was announced for January 7th, 1861. The audience assembled to see C. H. Hazlewood's adaptation and to enjoy the pantomime of *The Prince and the Ogre* which was to conclude the evening's entertainment. But no adaptation was given that evening. Fred Wilton, the stage manager, came forward and informed the audience that the proprietor of *All The Year Round* had issued a notice threatening to serve an injunction should the play be performed. He asked for their indulgence and said the drama of

Charley Wagg would be substituted. This was a version of a popular tale of the day, a tale of juvenile delinquency with four murders, plus a strangulation for good measure. An interest in youthful crime was a vogue of the past as well as of the present.

Next day Dickens did what other Englishmen have done and are still doing. He wrote to *The Times*. His letter sounded a challenge and certainly helped to prevent unauthorised dramatisa-

A Message from the Sea, at the Britannia.

tions of his novels from being showered on the stage. Here is the ultimatum he issued:

Gad's Hill Place,
Jan. 8th.

"To the Editor of The Times

Sir, I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will allow me to make known to theatrical managers, through your columns, that I believe it is in the power of any English writer of fiction legally to prevent any work of his from being dramatized or adapted for the stage without his consent, and that I have taken measures for the assertion of this right in my own case, and intend to try it with whomsoever may violate it.

It happened but yesterday that I had in conjunction with Mr. Wilkie Collins, very unwillingly to assert this principle in

defence of a joint production of ours against the proprietor of the Britannia Theatre. In a most frank and honest manner he immediately withdrew an announced piece on the night of the intended first representation, and when his audience were assembled. As I had no earlier opportunity of giving him notice of my intention to uphold the rights of authors, and as I inconvenienced a gentleman for whom I have a great respect, with great reluctance, and should be exceedingly sorry to do the like in any other case, perhaps you will find space for this letter

Faithfully Yours, Charles Dickens."

The novelist then went into action feeling that he had found a way to protect his stories from pilfering playwrights—in England at least. This was to make an adaptation of his own and by its publication secure for himself, without question, the dramatic rights of his own story. Though the law on the subject was cloudy, it was a method of staking a claim for what, by all fair count, should be his to dispose of at will. A brochure of eight pages was printed by G. Holdsworth at the Office of *All The Year Round*. It bore the title *A Message from the Sea*, a Drama in three acts by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. But there was no play in those eight pages; only a list of the characters and scenes, together with a brief outline of the plot as arranged for the stage. This drama was never to be written but the publication of the brochure served the novelist's purpose; the dramatic rights now legally belonged to him and him alone. Meanwhile the Brit. had negotiated with him, presumably to his satisfaction. He granted permission for the production of the Hazlewood adaptation and *A Message from the Sea* was produced at the theatre on Monday, January 14th, a week later than was at first intended.

In the meantime, however, the version made by Hazlewood had been staged in the provinces. On Tuesday, January 8th, his dramatisation *A Message from the Sea* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, by the resident stock company. It was given as a two-act play preceding the Christmas Pantomime. Dickens, through his solicitor, protested against the production in a letter dated January 14th, The date, recorded in papers consulted through the courtesy of Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, is the same as that of the first performance of Hazlewood's work at the Britannia. Included also in these papers is an application from W. H. Marshall of Nottingham, for Dickens's permission to make an adaptation of the story, but there is no note of any reply sent to him.

The legend of a letter placed in a bottle, thrown into the sea and discovered by the old American salt, Captain Jorgan, follows the tradition of nautical melodrama. When the message is revealed it is one of stolen money, with a plea for restitution to the rightful person who is the steward Tregarthen at Steepways in Cornwall. Jorgan, acted by S. Sidney, sets about the task of finding him and, with the aid of coincidence, accomplishes it with little effort. In the play a scene full of action was the struggle on a desert island between the eccentric villain, Lawrence Clissold, and the honest seafaring Hugh Raybrock. The two men, survivors from the wreck of the " Peruvian " were vigorously portrayed by

T. G. Drummond and Joseph Reynolds. To the Dickens-Collins characters in the story was added a comic addition in Mog, a wild-eyed chambermaid, for which Miss Elton was cast. Another supplementary rôle was Jack Binnacle a very expressive sailor played by Frederick Marchant. The piece proved a considerable success and was revived several times.

Stolen Money; or, A Message from the Sea was the title of an adaptation by E. R. Russell given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, on December 26th, 1863. Dickens may, or may not, have approved of this work but as it only endured for a couple of weeks, quite likely it escaped his attention. There is no account of any litigation in the matter. The stand taken by Dickens in protecting the dramatic rights is possibly the reason why a dramatisation by John Brougham was not openly produced in England, at any rate not during the novelist's lifetime. The printed text in Dick's Penny Plays is without the ludicrous Mog but it includes two characters not brought into the early version; the accountant Dringworth and David Polreath. The latter, however, makes no reference to the strange story (contributed by Harriett Parr) of the supernatural told by him at the Club Night of the Gentlemen King Arthurs. John Brougham's dramatisation might have been given during the early 1860's somewhere in America. If so it has escaped notice in theatrical annals. An adaptation in the United States of which there is definite record is *A Message from the Sea* by T. S. Cline at the Boston Museum on February 11th, 1861. It must have been a curious affair. An allegory in rhyme was introduced and, dividing the piece in half, was an Entertainment by what were termed the Skimmington Minstrels. This latter item was a concession to popular taste. Negro Minstrels were in demand everywhere on the North American continent. In the dramatic section of the offering, Captain Jorgan was played by William Warren and Hugh Raybrock by William Whalley.

A version of *The Message from the Sea*, given at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, on August 30th, 1869, would seem to be the Hazlewood version, or a revision of it. The extraneous Mog was played by Miss M. Glynne but the part was now a more important one. It was still more important when the drama was produced at the Surrey in London on February 1st, 1873, and Mog was acted by Virginia Blackwood, the American actress-manageress of that theatre. Like Topsy, Mog had just "growed" and like Topsy she was played. In a revival at Astley's on October 14th, 1878, Virginia was again seen (and heard, for she had a penetrating voice) as Mog. Her husband, G. Murray Wood, who had already dramatised a number of Dickens's novels, made no claim to this adaptation which Adair Fitzgerald suggests was his. It is doubtful if Wood did more to the play than add lines and business to the part of Mog.

Of *Tom Tiddler's Ground* the Extra Number for 1861, and *Somebody's Luggage*, that for 1862, nothing reached the theatre. Dickens was guarding his property well.

(To be continued)

THE DEVIL IN *OLIVER TWIST*

By Lauriat Lane, Jr.

DICKENS'S use of the devil archetype in creating the character of Fagin, in *Oliver Twist*, has long been recognised. Miss Marie Law suggested the possible influence of Defoe's *History of the Devil*,[1] and Edwin Pugh, from whom Miss Law seems to have got most of her material, explicitly identified Fagin as a diabolic figure.[2] Yet both of these treatments of the theme are incomplete, and Miss Law's not only has at least one error of fact but also reveals a general misconception of the importance of Defoe's treatment of the devil in relation to Dickens's and of the use of the devil archetype in Dickens's novels.

Miss Law's final paragraph gives the best summary of her position:

> "It would seem probable that Dickens, having written the opening chapters of *Oliver Twist*, in which he had introduced Fagin and his band of thieves, observed the kinship between them and the emissaries of the Devil pictured by Defoe and henceforth was influenced in the development of these characters by the *History of the Devil*. Such recent reading of Defoe would account for the satanic quality—unique in Dickens's writing—which invests Fagin and some of the other characters in *Oliver Twist*."[3]

Her main factual error is her assumption that the "satanic" development of Fagin's character did not begin until after Dickens had read Defoe. Dickens had written to Forster, on November 3, 1837:

> 'I have had great difficulty in keeping my hands off Fagin and the rest of them in the evenings; but, as I came down for rest, I have resisted the temptation . . . Did you ever read (of course you have, though) Defoe's *History of the Devil*? What a capital thing it is! I bought it for a couple of shillings yesterday morning, and have been quite absorbed in it ever since."[4]

Miss Law correctly assumes that at this time Dickens was writing chapter nineteen of *Oliver Twist* but fails to note that much of the material cited as suggesting the devil had appeared in the novel before this point. And her final statement, that the "satanic quality" of *Oliver Twist* is "unique in Dickens's writing," is clearly wrong. The devil archetype is found to some degree in every novel Dickens wrote.

One must also recognise that the vast body of belief which had grown up around the devil-figure and which, as Maximilian Rudwin says, "had taken firm foot not only in the language, but also in the traditions and the consciousness of the masses,"[5] hardly requires a specific source. Probably Dickens found little in Defoe's *History of the Devil* that he was not already aware of. On the other hand, the tone of Dickens's remarks to Forster does

[1] "The Indebtedness of *Oliver Twist* to Defoe's *History of the Devil*," PMLA, XL (1925), pp. 892-897.
[2] *The Charles Dickens Originals* (London, 1913), pp. 239-252.
[3] P. 897.
[4] *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter (London, 1938), I, 136.
[5] *The Devil in Legend and Literature* (Chicago, 1931), pp. 33-34.

suggest that Defoe's treatment of the devil was fresh enough to make an impression. It would be fairest to say that Dickens found in the *History of the Devil* an organised treatment of material which had hitherto rested in his mind in a more or less confused state, and that this organised treatment may have further stimulated his interest.

The first appearance of Fagin, impressed on the reader by Cruikshank's illustration of the scene, immediately suggests the villain's diabolic nature. Fagin stands, as Pugh says, " like that typical mythical Satan, with his toasting-fork, and the firelight playing over him."[1] Dickens himself was fully aware of the connotations of this scene; he described Affery, in *Little Dorrit*, as standing " with the kitchen toasting-fork still in her hand . . . like a sort of allegorical personage " (II, xxiii, 647),[2] and " guarding herself from approach with that symbolical instrument of hers " (II, xxiii, 651). Fagin emphasises the symbolic quality of his implement by using it to beat the boys with. Jack Lindsay also sees in this scene " the image of a pierced child over the fire,"[3] an interpretation somewhat weakened by the prosaic presence of sausages.

Dickens refers to Fagin again and again as " the old gentleman," a term often applied to the devil. He makes the epithet further effective by the characteristic device of repeating this term of polysyllabic pretentiousness until it collapses of its own weight.[4] He also applies the term to the conventionally benevolent Mr. Brownlow, thereby emphasising the contrasting positions of Fagin and Brownlow with respect to Oliver. Dickens's elaborate emphasis, when speaking of Fagin, on " the stern morality of the old gentleman's character " (x, 64), may well be an example of what Rudwin calls " diabolus simia dei."[5] And we might note also Fagin's reference to " the catechism of his trade " (xviii, 132).

Fagin's red beard is a sign of the devil; as such it was worn by the devil in medieval drama before it was transferred to the Jew.[6] It is doubly appropriate to Fagin, who unites these two traditional types of villainy in his single person. Sikes reinforces this bit of diabolic evidence by his comment:

> " There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose he is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old 'un without any father at all betwixt you; which I shouldn't wonder at, a bit." (xliv, 333).

Both Sikes and Nancy mention Fagin's diabolic nature. Sikes asks his dog, " 'Don't you know the devil when he's got a great-coat on?' " (xix, 135). This is echoed three pages later, when Fagin sits " with his face wrinkled into an expression of villainy perfectly demoniacal." And Nancy says of him, " ' Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me.' " (xlvi, 347).

[1] *The Dickens Originals*, p. 249.
[2] All quotations from Dickens's novels are from the Everyman edition and will be identified by parenthetical reference to chapter, page, and book when necessary.
[3] *Charles Dickens* (New York, 1950), p. 242.
[4] Compare, for example, the establishment of Mr. Wholes in *Bleak House* as " a very respectable man " (xxxix, 522-523).
[5] *The Devil in Legend and Literature*, pp. 120-129.
[6] Montague Frank Modder, *The Jew in the Literature of England* (Philadelphia, 1944), p. 15.

Two other minor items contribute to the diabolic overtones of the character. Fagin is fond of sitting conspicuously in front of the fire, and much later, on July 2, 1856, Dickens wrote to Mark Lemon, "you sit down before fires and shiver . . . like the demons in the melodramas."[1] When Fagin and Monks flee from the house in the country outside which they had been watching Oliver, they cross a muddy ditch but leave no footprints, a suggestion of direct supernaturalism that Dickens, probably wisely, abandons immediately afterwards.

By making Fagin a devil-figure and by uniting this diabolism with the implicit villainy of the traditional Jew, Dickens sets up an archetypal antithesis between the menacing, corrupting world of the city and the restoring, pastoral world of the English countryside. Although the opening chapters of *Oliver Twist* make a deliberate attack on the parish poorhouses of the time, this theme fades into the background as soon as Oliver comes up to London. The real story of the novel is the struggle between the good and bad forces of the country and the city for the possession of Oliver's soul.

The plot-relation between Fagin and Oliver exactly parallels that traditionally existing between Satan and mankind. Fagin must do no harm to Oliver but rather entice him into doing harm to himself and so make him the cause of his own downfall, placing him in a position where he falls apparently of his own choice. Fagin's aim is foreshadowed by the ironic description of Oliver at the poorhouse, "whom the supplication distinctly set forth to be under the exclusive patronage and protection of the powers of wickedness, and an article direct from the manufactory of the very Devil himself" (iii, 12). The corruption of Oliver begins as soon as he arrives in London. Quite unwittingly, he learns how to be a pickpocket, and when he is arrested after the robbery of Mr. Brownlow, the police officer calls him, with ironic fittingness, "'you young devil'" (x, 68). Oliver is thus identified to the world at large as one of those Newgate thieves whom Dickens, following Defoe, relates to the devil. As Nancy says, "'He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad from this night forth'" (xvi, 116). The Dodger tells Oliver, "'Fagin will make something of you, though, or you'll be the first he ever had that turned out unprofitable'" (xviii, 132), words that suggest some even more profound traffic in human souls than the training of child-thieves.

It is necessary to the "theological" meaning of Oliver's fall that it should be psychological as well as social. Dickens makes this clear:

> "In short, the wily old Jew has the boy in his toils. Having prepared his mind, by solitude and gloom, to prefer any society to the companionship of his own sad thoughts in such a dreary place, he was now slowly instilling into his soul the poison which he hoped would blacken it, and change its hue for ever." (xviii, 134).

And Oliver's relation to the diabolic circle of thieves is directly stated by Fagin and Sikes:

> "Once let him feel that he is one of us; once fill his mind with the idea that he has been a thief; and he's ours! Ours for his

[1] *Letters*, II, 782.

life. Oho! It couldn't have come about better!" The old man crossed his arms upon his breast; and, drawing his head and shoulders into a heap, literally hugged himself for joy.

"Ours!" said Sikes. "Yours, you mean."

"Perhaps I do, my dear" said the Jew, with a shrill chuckle. "Mine, if you like, Bill." (xix, 141).

The pattern of Oliver's escape from the devil-world of Fagin's London is very significant. Although not guilty of picking Mr. Brownlow's pocket, Oliver is pursued and caught by the vicious city mob, who are eager to see him punished. His first escape, into Mr. Brownlow's house in the suburbs, is not enough to guarantee his salvation, and he is retaken by the thieves. Oliver is then forced to take part in an invasion of the country-world by the evil forces of the city, and only after receiving a serious wound is he purged of his corruption. To emphasise this spiritual progression, Dickens makes a clear distinction between the Maylie's all-embracing kindness and forgiveness and Mr. Brownlow's conditional generosity, a distinction which suggests symbolically the difference between partial and total redemption.

This mythical-theological explanation of Fagin's treatment of Oliver is fully established long before Monks, the supposed cause of the villainy, appears in the story. The plot-explanation comes as an after-thought to the reader, as it probably did to the author. The irrelevance of Monks to the central diabolic pattern is seen when Fagin refers to himself as "'bound, too, to a born devil that only wants the will and has the power to, to—'" (xxvi, 187). This statement only confuses the issue, for Monks represents a different sort of villain, and Fagin remains the arch-demon at all other places in the novel.

As a devil-figure, Fagin has much the same relation to the other thieves as to Oliver. The boys were all taught by Fagin how to be criminals, and Sikes is also clearly a candidate for eternal torment. His favourite oath of "burn my body" takes on ironic force when we realise his future fate. He himself is half aware of the danger:

"I don't feel like myself when you lay that withered old claw on my shoulder, so take it away," said Sikes, casting off the Jew's hand.

"It makes you nervous, Bill—reminds you of being nabbed, does it?" said Fagin, determined not to be offended.

"Reminds me of being nabbed by the devil," returned Sikes. (xliv, 333-334).

In August, 1838, Dickens wrote to Forster offering to show him the manuscript of the latest number of *Oliver Twist*, "when I have sent Sikes to the devil."[1] Furthermore, Fagin, the active personification of the forces of evil in the story, is as much a cause of the murder of Nancy as is Sikes's own bestial nature. Fagin not only has Nancy followed and thereby learns of her talks with Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow, but, "with an expression of devilish anticipation" (xlvii, 354), goads Sikes into a murdering fury. As the betrayed thief leaves his diabolic tormenter, intent on the one crime for which, in Dickensian

[1] *Letters*, I, 172.

terms, there is no forgiveness, " there was a fire in the eyes of both, which could not be mistaken " (xlvii, 355).

At the end of *Oliver Twist*, the forces of good triumph. Sikes hangs himself trying to escape from Jacob's island, and Fagin is delivered into the more official but no less final care of the public executioner. In the novel, all is sweetness and light. But in the mind of the reader, it is not so. We remember the diabolic Fagin and his fellow inhabitants of the cruel city long after the sentimental stereotypes of the kindly, pastoral world outside London have faded from our minds. The image of the helpless and terrified child goes deep within our minds to a place already prepared for it and remains there eternally, while the happy child of Dickens's last chapters has only the hollow and fugitive reality of a dream.

NOTES ON *BARNABY RUDGE*

By T. W. Hill

(*Continued from* Vol. LI, p. 141).

Chapter XXIX

1. SCAPE-GOAT AND DRUDGE AT SCHOOL. This device of association between two of the principal characters one of whom continually uses the weaknesses of the other, is repeated in *A Tale of Two Cities*, where it is stated that Sidney Carton had been Stryver's fag and had done all his exercises.

Chapter XXX

1. HAVING AN INCH . . . TAKE AN ELL. An ell is a now obsolete measure having different values in different countries; an English ell is 45 inches. It is used figuratively for much length as opposed to inch for a small length. The proverb was already well established when Heywood in 1546 published his Book of Proverbs: " Whèn I gaue you an ynche ye tooke an ell."

2. FLEMISH ELL. Old John does not seem to have been so very drastic after all, whatever may have been his intention. He " encroached a good standard inch " on Joe's liberty but he was contented with a Flemish ell which is only 27 inches on Joe's parole, when he might have stuck to English measure and have " snipped off " the full 45 inches of the English ell.

3. GREAT CRY . . . VERY LITTLE WOOL. An adaptation of the proverb " Much cry, little wool." Its origin seems to be John Fortescue's *De Laudibus Legium Angliae*, 1475: " As hadd the man that sherid is hogge, muche crye and litill woll." In 1579 Stephen Gosson in *The School of Abuse* repeats it: " As one said at the shearing of hogs, great cry and little wool." The same thought is expressed in other maxims such as " Much bran, little meal "; " Much law but little justice "; " Much smoke little fire "; etc.

Chapter XXXI

1. TOP-SAWYERS. A favourite term with Dickens to express excellence; he makes use of it in nearly every one of his books. A top-sawyer is the expert in a saw-pit who occupies the position at the top of the pit and directs the work.

2. TELL TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. The inventor of this maxim, or perhaps it would be better to say the first user of it in print is William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible. In his *Practice of Prelates*, 1530 is: "So that what cometh once in may never out, for fear of telling tales out of school." Heywood includes it in his Proverbs, so everyone must have understood the allusion (1546): "To tell tales out of school, that is hir lust."

3. CROOKED BILLET IN TOWER STREET. There is no house of this name in Tower Street, now Great, or Little, Tower Street, but there is one on Tower Hill. It might well be in the Tower neighbourhood that the Recruiting Office would be situated..

4. NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES. Heywood includes this old proverb in his collection (1546): "And that he must needes go whom the diuel dooth driue," and a century earlier Lydgate knew it: "For hit ys oft seyde by hem that yet lyues He must nedys go that the deuell dryues."

5. ACCEPT OF ONLY ONE SHILLING. On enlistment the recruiting sergeant used to give the recruits a shilling to appear before the magistrate to take the oath. The practice was abolished in 1881.

6. PURSE OF FORTUNATUS. The well-known nursery tale, German in origin, of Fortunatus and his inexhaustible purse of gold, dates from the fifteenth century.

7. SCONCE OR HEAD. A sconce, originally a cover and protection for the head has come to mean also the head itself, and Shakespeare uses it in this sense:

> "Shall I break that merry sconce of yours?"
>
> *Comedy of Errors*, act i, sc. 2.

Chapter XXXIII

1. HANDBILL . . . RUNAWAY. These handbills are no longer distributed broadcast nor exhibited in shop windows, but it is still customary for notices of "wanted" persons—criminals, missing persons, relatives, etc.—to be posted on the notice-boards attached to police stations.

Chapter XXXIV

Here begins the real story of the Gordon Riots, for comment on which the following articles should be consulted:

The Trial of George Gordon, by Frank A. Gibson, *The Dickensian*, 1946, page 12;

The case of Barnaby Rudge, by A. M. Lillishaw, *The Dickensian*, 1948, page 141.

Chapter XXXV

1. TAG-RAG AND BOB-TAIL. The rabble of the population. Brewer says the words were originally the names of mongrel curs, but confirmation is lacking. Shakespeare has:

> "The tag-rag people did not clap him"
>
> *Julius Caesar*, act i, sc. 2.

2. FROM THE RISING UP OF THE SUN. A Scriptural allusion: "From the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof" Psalm L, v. i.

3. FISTY-CUFFS. A combination of fist, a clenched hand, and cuff, a blow. The word has been current for many centuries.

> "Oh, to avenge my wrongs at fisty cuffs."
> Beaumont and Fletcher: *Little French Lawyer* (1647).

Chapter XXXVI

1. TWO PRINTED HANDBILLS. A handbill issued by the Protestant Association, asking the members for moderation in their behaviour, is preserved in the British Museum.

Chapter XXXVII

1. PENS OF SMITHFIELD MARKET. Live cattle, etc., were sold from open pens until 1855, when the live animal market was moved to Caledonian Road, and Smithfield, now the London Central Market, deals only with dead meat; other markets for agricultural products adjoin the meat section.

2. I DREAMED THAT WE WERE JEWS. A prophetic vision on Dickens's part; a few years later (in 1788) Lord George Gordon embraced the Jewish religion, as noted in chapter lxxxii.

3. CANE AS LARGE AS ANY FOOTMAN CARRIES. The footman, often gorgeously arrayed (see *Pickwick Papers* chapter xxxvii) who stood behind their masters' seats in the carriages, carried a staff of office, about six feet long, held in a sloping position over the vehicle.

4. WELBECK STREET. Lord George Gordon's house has been identified by Robert Allbut as No. 64.

5. UP SWALLOW STREET. This thoroughfare ran from Piccadilly to Oxford Street, but most of its narrow length was converted into the wide and imposing Regent Street by John Nash in 1813 and only a short southern section remains.

6. QUAKER CUT. That is, cut on very simple plain lines. One of the precepts of the Society of Friends urged upon its members "plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel."

7. PITCH AND TOSS. Spinning a coin in tossing; Chuck-farthing is played with small coins thrown towards a hole in the ground; Odd or Even is guessing the number of coins held in the closed hand; all were obviously games of mere hazard.

8. HOW MANY HANGING LAWS? FIFTY? Mr. Dennis's estimate was very conservative for there were no less than two hundred offences liable to capital punishment. According to the modern code (introduced 1861) only four crimes are punishable by death: setting fire to H.M. dockyards or arsenals, piracy with violence, treason, and murder.

9. MARY JONES. This story is no fiction, as will be seen by Dickens's direct reference to it on the preface to the book.

Chapter XXXVIII

1. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. These were of course the old Houses built largely round St. Stephen's Hall. They were destroyed by fire in 1834.

2. THE BOOT. There is an inn of this name on the same site, No. 16 Cromer Street, but the surrounding fields have long since disappeared and the whole district is closely built over.

3. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL. Founded by Thomas Coram for foundlings ("unwanted" children) in 1789; it was removed to a temporary home at Redhill in 1926 and in 1935 to a permanent establishment at Berkhamsted.

Chapter XXXIX

1. ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE was founded in 1715; the [Morning] Herald in 1781; the [Morning] Chronicle in 1710; and the Public Advertiser in 1752.

2. I COME IN FOR THEIR WARDROBES. One of the perquisites of the hangman was the reversion of the criminal's clothes after the execution.

3. SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE. It was not till 1797, seventeen years after the date of the story, that this small gold coin, one-third of a guinea, became current.

4. THE OLD BAILEY. The street so-called runs from Ludgate Hill to Newgate Street and as the Central Criminal Court is situated therein, the term is often applied to the Court itself.

Chapter XL

1. SAINT DUNSTAN'S GIANTS. The church with its gigantic clock overhanging the pavement can be seen in old prints; the chimes of the clock were struck by two automatic figures in an alcove. When the church was demolished in 1829 the clock was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford and removed to his villa (St. Dunstan's) in Regent's Park. In 1935 the clock was returned to the new (present) church, being the gift of Lord Rothermere. The pump is now represented by a drinking fountain attached to the modern church.

2. MR. CHESTER YAWNED. This, is, of course, only a slip for Sir John Chester. The mistake was made in the first edition and it is curious that Dickens did not correct it when he revised the text for the Charles Dickens Edition in 1867.

3. SAVILLE. Sir George Savile was the member of Parliament who introduced into the House of Commons a bill for the relaxation of the penal code against the Roman Catholics.

4. CLOSE BOROUGH. A constituency whose member of Parliament was returned owing to the influence of one person; often the lord of the local manor or the most important resident. Close boroughs were greatly diminished in number by the Reform Act of 1832 and received their final death-blow by the introduction of the secret ballot in 1872.

Chapter XLI

1. SLACK-BAKED BUCKLES. An amusing way of noting that the buckles on Toby's shoes were a lighter brown than the rest of the ornament on the jug.

2. READ BLUE-BEARD. The moral of the fairy tale is driven home; in the words of the ballad:

> " That chamber blue don't belong to you
> And you'd better not go inside."

3. ROYAL EAST LONDON VOLUNTEERS. A regiment of Dickens's own invention. The Volunteer regiments were raised to assist the army in the maintenance of civil law and order and the protection of property. These Volunteers have no connexion with the great Volunteer Movement initiated in 1859.

CHAPTER XLII

1. CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE. This was situated in Pimlico Road by Ranelagh Gardens; it was demolished in 1839. It must have been an agreeable objective for the East Londoners' route march or after a drill-parade in Hyde Park. The name survives in Bun House Row, Pimlico.

2. SIGHT OF YOU IS GOOD FOR SORE EYES. Sore appears in this Scottish proverb to mean tired or wearied; overstrain will cause the eyes to feel sore. Hence a sight for sore eyes may figuratively be something of a relieving or a pleasant nature.

(*To be continued*)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

MR. FELIX AYLMER ON *EDWIN DROOD*

SIR,

May I offer those of your correspondents who are unwilling to question the literal accuracy of the " four witnesses " in the Drood Affair some pertinent samples of reported speech, where the accuracy can be checked ?

The conversation to be reported is that between Jasper and Durdles on the subject of quicklime, and there are several versions on record:

(1) Richard Proctor: " They pass a mound of quicklime, about which Jasper is eager to ask." (*Watched by the Dead*, p. 49.)

(2) Frank T. Marzials: " His enquiries into the action of quicklime." (*Life of Dickens*, p. 156.)

(3) Cuming Walters: " Jasper consequently enquires into the action of quicklime." (*Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood*, p. 24.)

(4) In the mock trial of Jasper, held in 1914, with G. K. Chesterton as Judge, Cuming Walters for the Prosecution, Cecil Chesterton for the Defence, G. B. Shaw as Foreman of the Jury, and the Court Room crowded with Droodists of all denominations, Cuming Walters's examination of Durdles (played by Bransby Williams) on the point went as follows:

Q. " Did you happen on that occasion to see any quicklime lying about ? "

A. "Well, there's always quicklime lying about the crypt. Always."

Q. "You noticed it. Did Jasper happen to notice it?"

A. "He did. He asked me what it was for."

Q. "Oh, he asked you what it was for. And did you tell him?"

A. "Yes; I told him it 'ud burn anything; burn your boots, and with a little handy stirring, it 'ud burn your bones."

Q. "It would burn your bones with handy stirring. And when he put that curious question to you, did it occur to you that there was a reason for it?"

A. "Durdles thinks everybody 'as a reason for everything they says and does."

Q. "When he asked would that quicklime burn, you thought he must have a reason for it?"

A. "Yes; so I did."

. . . . . .

Q. "Did you think, by the way he was making his enquiries, that he wanted to know if it would burn something else besides ordinary stuff?"

A. "I didn't think as 'ow he wanted a heap of quicklime to burn his waste paper with."

This evidence stood unchallenged by anyone in Court.

It will be seen that on the question of Jasper's curiosity all the witnesses are in agreement. If all copies of *Drood* were destroyed tomorrow, posterity would be in no doubt whatever on this particular point. Have readers any objection to offer?

If not, will they kindly refer to the original text? There they will find that Jasper's contribution to the conversation was limited to two remarks: "I see it. What is it?" and "What you call quicklime?"

He made no enquiry whatever into its properties, eagerly or otherwise. All the information was volunteered by Durdles.

Yet these gentlemen all had the original at hand to check their memories. The "four witnesses" had not.

There is a further point to make. If the "four witnesses" are to be infallible, how about Dickens himself? Both Resurrectionists and Undertakers are agreed, I take it, that Edwin was at least set upon by Jasper. Then will they very kindly describe this operation for us, bearing in mind that, if ever Jasper's eyes fall upon his victim, there must be seen in them an expression of "hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection"?

In the case of Undertakers who wish him to pile quicklime on the body, this expression must still be a part of the picture. (The evidence for this condition comes, of course, from Charles Dickens Senior, and may be found in Chap. II of the novel). Answers should, if possible, be consistent with Dickens's sanity.

Yours, etc.,

FELIX AYLMER.

Cobham, Surrey.
March 21st, 1956.

THE "LOST" SENTENCE IN *DOMBEY & SON* ONCE MORE

By D. S. Bland

> " Dear me, dear me ! To think," said Miss Tox, bursting out afresh that night, as if her heart were broken, " that Dombey and Son should be a daughter after all ! "

OUR attention was drawn to this sentence by Mrs. Kathleen Tillotson some five years ago.[1] It is found in the first edition and its re-issues, and in the cheap edition of 1858, and thereafter disappears, except in two reprints of the first edition, Macmillan, 1892-5, and Glasgow, n.d.[2]

Mrs. Tillotson rightly suggests that the sentence was originally included as a sign-post at the end of Part V, echoing Walter Gay's toast at the end of part I (chap. IV), and intended both to whet the reader's appetite for the next part, and to begin the process noted in the Number-plan for Part VI, " to throw the interest of Paul, *at once on Florence*." She suggests as a reason for its omission after 1858 the public readings which Dickens began in that year.

> " The climax and conclusion of this reading is the death of little Paul; since Florence's sad position as the sorrowing unwanted daughter calls for no emphasis, the sentence naturally disappears from the reading version."

I recently introduced the " lost " sentence into a discussion of Dombey in a class of adult students. They heard it with surprise, and indeed shock, and agreed that its inclusion detracted from the elegiac note of the two preceding paragraphs. They felt, that is, as Dickens himself may have felt when preparing his reading version. But this explanation may not, perhaps, be the whole truth.

We know, from the evidence of his letters, the need Dickens felt for secrecy over the plan and very title of the book, his enthusiasm for the " great surprise " that was to come at the end of the fourth (ultimately, the fifth) number, and his anxiety lest the cover-design should give too much away. All this is very relevant to the particular relationship set up between Dickens and his audience by the publication of the novel in monthly parts. Once the secret is out, however, once the novel circulates as a complete work, there would seem to be little reason to retain the sign-post of Miss Tox's outburst. What is true of the readings, that Florence's position calls for no emphasis, is true, surely, of the novel itself. The outburst *does* disturb, with its suddenness and its brevity, the impression left by the previous paragraphs. In addition, the reader will go straight on to chap. XVII without needing to have the ground prepared for the throwing of the interest on Florence, and without requiring to have his appetite whetted for what is to follow.

[1] *The Dickensian*, XLVII, 2 (March 1951), p. 81f.
[2] To this list should be added The Imperial Edition (Gresham Publishing Co.), London, 1912.

I cannot agree with Mrs. Tillotson, therefore, when she says that the "lost" sentence is "an essential part of the pattern" of *Dombey*. She would seem to have been persuaded to this view by Dickens's failure to remove the reference to it in chap. LIX. ". . . Dickens is fond of repetition from a distance," she writes, "and has made good use of it earlier in this very chapter." She is referring to "Let him remember it in that room, years to come!" As the three references to "Dombey, Son and Daughter" stand in the original edition—Walter's toast, Miss Tox's outburst, her later reference to it—they seem to be a repetition of the same kind as "Let him remember it . . ." and even "a ruin . . . the rats fly from it," which runs like a refrain through chap. LIX.[1] But are they, in fact, all the same sort of repetition? The two just quoted, it seems to me, are what might be called *choric* repetitions. They are spoken by the author and are intended to produce atmosphere. The others are *dramatic*; that is, they are spoken by the characters themselves. Now Walter Gay's toast is woven into the dialogue, and has a double function: to signpost the Dombey-Florence theme, certainly,[2] but also to provide a curtain-line to an exchange of pleasantries in which Walter's name has been romantically linked with that of Florence. Miss Tox's outburst, on the other hand, is not woven into a dialogue. Being only an appendage to a scene in which she is not involved, her words can be removed without damage (and indeed with immediate improvement) to that scene.

What remains is Dickens's failure to revise the repetition in chap. LIX. This could have been done quite simply by the deletion of "as I observed upon a certain sad occasion" and "indeed," but I can suggest no reason why it was not done, other than oversight on the part of Dickens.

The divergence of my view from that of Mrs. Tillotson, then, involves a choice between (a) restoring the "lost" sentence, with (I believe) an unfortunate effect on what precedes it; and (b) having to put up with the unrevised reference to the outburst in chap. LIX. I prefer the second alternative because the first involves something dangerously like an anti-climax to a passage in which, for once, Dickens has successfully avoided the dangers of this kind of emotional crux, and because the omission of the sentence would seem to be in accordance with Dickens's second thought on the matter.

[1] It is true that the references to the outburst both in one of the letters to Forster and in Number-plan V suggest that it was very central to Dickens's thought. But the proviso can be made, I think, that this preoccupation with the outburst is related to the writing of the *monthly parts*, and need not be regarded as essential to the novel when completed.

[2] And the Walter-Florence theme, as well.

Congratulations are offered to the following new Secretaries, and thanks to those retiring: Mrs. B. Newman succeeds Mrs. F. Bell at Seattle, Mr. F. H. Sears succeeds Mr. H. Garner at Rochester, Mr. C. Piper succeeds Mr. F. G. C. Henwood at Dunedin, Miss D. Burton succeeds Mr. Lamb at Lytham St. Annes, and Mrs. B. M. Rogers succeeds Mrs. Fairman at Pittsburgh.

A hearty welcome to Britain is offered to Miss E. M. Clague of Christchurch, Miss Lorna Jeffries and Miss Grace Chitty of Melbourne, Mr. Noel Peyrouton of Boston, and Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Cowan of Philadelphia.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Brief contributions are invited for this page. *Press cuttings not acceptable.*

Nottingham

This season the meetings in Nottingham have been based on various characters from the Dickens novels. Thus several members have given an afternoon reading on one selected character. The readings have been well arranged and have proved a sound knowledge of Dickens in the readers. The characters, however, need the background of the narrative and the descriptions. Small but complete cameo characters have had to be left out. On December 10th members took part in a Christmas reading of *The Cricket On The Hearth*, and on January 7th a number of members enjoyed a New Year's Party. To start the year in right Dickens's tradition, two subscriptions have been given to children's societies. M.S.

Birmingham

This session had a happy opening for Birmingham branch: the retiring Secretary, Mrs. Fox Davies, who had held that office for over ten years, was presented with a cheque as a token of affection and gratitude and in recognition of her loyal services. Mr. Simons's Presidential Address was on the subject of *Dickens's Queer Characters*, which he illustrated with dramatic readings. In November we were proud to be entertained by Mr. Greaves on the occasion of his 500th recital in ten years. For our Christmas evening members gave readings under the title of *Charles Dickens, the Apostle of Good Humour*. As a complete contrast, in January, the Deputy Mayor described his recent visit to Moscow with the Birmingham Civic Deputation. Members of Redditch and Wolverhampton joined us at our Christmas Party and we have since paid happy and memorable visits to Redditch. The Birthday was celebrated at an Informal Dinner, when the President spoke about the lesser-known works of Charles Dickens, before proposing the toast to the Immortal Memory. K.D.V.

Maryville

The Maryville branch celebrated the birthday with a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ford with all our resident members. None of our out-of-town members could come because of distance and the snowy weather we are having now. Two of our members, Miss Dykes and Mrs. Dreps, made each of us a different place card representing a Dickens book and part of the entertainment at dinner was trying to guess our book. Letters were received from several of the American branches and one from Canada wishing us well. B.F.

OBITUARY

With deep regret we record the death of Mme. Cleator of Blackpool, Mrs. Ella Butcher of Bloomington, Mr. G. W. Russell, Mr. G. A. Mallett and Mr. E. J. Chadfield of Headquarters.

WALTER T. SPENCER

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27 New Oxford Street,

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June Sun. 3rd. Dickens Commemorative Service, Southwark Cathedral, 6-30 p.m.

Fri. 8th. Eve of the Anniversary of the death of Dickens. A wreath will be laid on the grave. Meet at the West Door, Westminster Abbey, 6 p.m.

Tues. 19th. Evening visit to Limehouse, conducted by Mr. Mostyn Harper. Meet: Limehouse Church, 6-45 p.m.

July Sat. 14th. Summer Pilgrimage: " In the steps of Little Nell ", and a visit to Sulgrave Manor. Tickets from the Dickens House, 30s. including lunch, tea and all gratuities.

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